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NEW BOOKS: Reviewed by

G. S. Fraser; E. Lampert; J. P. Hodin; Elliott Dodds; Michael Hamburger; George Woodcock; Robert Payne

The Tied House System

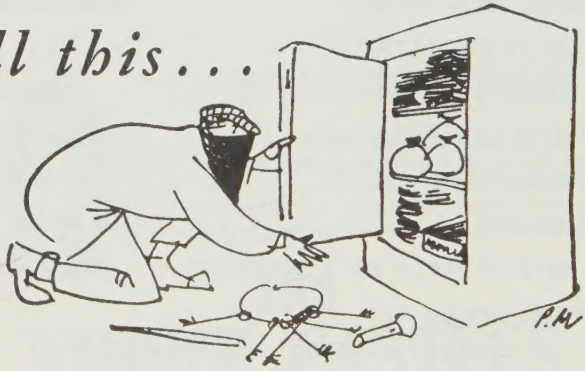
Nearly twenty years ago, the Royal Commission on Licensing found that under a good and careful brewer the 'tied house' system operated advantageously and produced excellent results.

Under this system, the English inn has grown in usefulness and good repute as a centre of social life. The brewer has been able to avoid waste in production and distribution with much benefit to the customer, and to supply beer in fine condition. Mine host has remained as master in his own house, even if it be one which he could not afford to buy and for which he pays a low or merely nominal rent.

The system has not restricted the customer's choice of beer. Customers are generally able to choose between the 'tied house' of one brewer and another, and hence between their beers. There are more than 2,000 different beers now being brewed by the 500 or 600 brewing firms in the country, and each of them finds its way into some of our inns.

Issued by The Brewers' Society

all this . . .



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HUMAN PROBLEMS IN INDUSTRY

ELTON B. MAYO
Professor of Industrial Research at Harvard School

EVEN in the most civilised countries, when our thinking is political, it turns to things, people and events. While this is a most necessary form of thinking, it lacks the advantages, first taught us by Aristotle, of taking one problem or topic at a time. Our industrial thinking has, on the other hand, wholly adopted the approximately scientific method of concentration upon a single question.

Levy-Bruhl, in his book *Primitive Mentality*, says of civilised thinking: 'When anything new presents itself to us, we realise that we have to seek for an explanation of it, and that the number of our problems is going to increase at the same time as our knowledge is enlarged. The primitive, on the other hand, in the presence of anything new, knows already everything he needs to know. In any unusual event he immediately perceives the manifestation of an invisible force. Moreover, the primitive's mind is not like our own, orientated to cognition, properly so called. It knows nothing of the joys and advantages of knowledge. Its collective representations are always largely emotional.'

We retain this method of thinking for politics, whereas our industrial thinking, imperfect as it is, has nevertheless been taught by the advance of technical science at least to attempt the clear statement and the resolution of such problems by approximately scientific methods.

The effect is to leave our political idea stated in terms of things, people and events, whereas all three disappear from industrial system making; indeed, they disappear too completely. As I hope to show, human beings, their likes and dislikes, are not sufficiently taken account of in the industrial thinking of today.

This unbalance between our political thinking, wholly primitive, and our industrial thinking, approximately systematic, is, to say the least, most unfortunate. The effect, which I shall discuss later, is to create attempted relation between thought wholly concerned with people and events, and systematic thinking which does not consider them at all.

To turn first to the industrial. In a recent letter to *The Times*, I discussed two situations: one the effect in Western Pennsylvania when a large steel corporation bought numerous small tin-plate businesses, built a completely modernised factory in a southern town, and left in the wake of this 'progress' a number of

'ghost towns' with their formerly prosperous citizens unemployed and, when savings ran out, on relief.

The second discussed the effect in Yankee City, a small city on the seaboard of Massachusetts, of a purchase by New York financial interests of the boot and shoe industry, the city's main source of support. The effect was to mechanise the factory and to substitute remote for local control. The immediate consequence was a strike, almost the first that had occurred in Yankee City. The case history has been fully documented by Professor Lloyd Warner and his colleagues of Chicago University. In both cases there were two problems which did not attract the attention of the technicians involved. These problems were mechanisation and remote control. Before I continue this discussion, let me cite other instances, also American.

A large-scale organisation, numbering about 50,000 operatives engaged on engineering work, with at least three manufacturing establishments, had an excellent system for enabling even the lowest rank of supervisors to feel that they were participating in the work. Frequently, as I passed into high executive offices, I used to see rooms full of men energetically taking part in the discussion of some new process, new mechanical device, innovation of material or of organisation. The company was thus assured that a change was thoroughly understood by the supervisory ranks. It further made a point of accepting, where practicable, suggestions made in the meeting, thus assuring a feeling of participation amongst the supervisors concerned. But the ordinary operatives were not included; the system was not extended to include them. And the very strength thus achieved in the supervisory ranks served to deepen the gulf between the supervisors and the workers. The latter, by inadvertence, were thus put in the position of having to accept changes that they had done nothing to originate. They consequently felt excluded from participation. And any social anthropologist will tell us how exceedingly important a feeling of participation is in even the most primitive human affairs. It is known that by this means the most primitive peoples ensure whole-hearted collaboration in the daily tribal routines.

SYMPTOMS OF FAILURE

Yet another instance. A large metal-working company, widely scattered through the United States, very important in wartime, had as president a man who had been much influenced by Sumner of Yale, author of *Folkways*. On one occasion he told me that he had been sent to Yale to study Economics but had been much more interested in Sumner's lectures. When he was appointed general manager of the corporation, he determined to put Sumner's ideas into practice. That is to say, he determined to take account of the fact that any assembly of men and women for a practical purpose is primarily a social, and only secondarily an economic, organisation. He determined to introduce certain changes. To begin with, therefore, he added to the technical training programme for supervisors, instruction in the simpler aspects of human relationships. For instance, supervisors were told to make friends of the men whose work they supervised, to listen to what they had to say, to avoid argument and 'emotional upsets'. In addition to this, the foreman was given three or four technical assistants so that he—the senior man—should have time to hear what his men had to say. Over some years the result had been brilliantly successful: absenteeism was non-existent; there was practically no labour turnover; the man-hour production ranked very high by comparison with other factories. This, then, appeared to have gone far to remedy the ills from which rival companies were actually suffering. The benefits extended over several States in which the manufacturing establishments were situated, and were therefore not

to be ascribed to a single foreman.

Here, then, are instances of the harm done by 'remote control', by mechanisation regardless of human problems; here, also, are instances of the beneficial effects of 'participation', and of concern for the human problems of modern industry. How can one express these findings briefly? The symptoms of failure in an industry are absenteeism, labour turnover, low productivity. In England, America and Russia are many who see the economic problem clearly. Their notion of a remedy is to punish the supposedly offending workers in some way. In Russia, I am told, one method adopted is to reduce the food allowances to an absentee worker and his family. In this way, it is stated, attendance of the offender is secured. But inevitably this method is followed by a low productivity. The real solution of this group of problems is not punishment, but an improved understanding of the workers' situation and point of view. This can be done by properly-trained officers; it is being widely done in America by such men; the results are uniformly good. There is no substitute for a thorough collaboration of the working force; they are as concerned as management is with the result; but the worker must feel that he is participating in a common task.

At this point we come back to the political 'drift' in the present world. Every industry has this modern characteristic. In Russia industries are wholly controlled by the rulers; in England the Government is bent on nationalisation, taking over the responsibility for organisation and control; even in America, according to Pendleton Herring, the Government is demanding a larger measure of control of industries, on the assumption that control may be necessary in an emergency. No one, apparently, notices the direction in which we are drifting.

Large-scale organisation implies a much closer attention to the human relationship than is characteristic of present day industrial development. Even trade unions show the modern tendency; for example, here in England we have recently witnessed strikes of coal miners at Grimethorpe, of dockers in the Port of London, of porters at Euston and of bus drivers in London. The interesting fact about these strikes is that in every instance both the union control and the Government opposed the strikes. But the union control was apparently powerless to prevent them. Here, then, is another instance of the disabilities of remote control. The central policy-forming body must learn how to leave local decisions to management and men in the locality. Otherwise adaptability and spontaneity of co-operation will be lacking.

Adaptability is one of the major problems of the twentieth century. Gone are the days when a slow apprenticeship of five or seven years fitted a man for his craft and for making a living. The Yankee City instance shows how, under the spur of applied science, the machine has displaced the craft.

SPONTANEOUS CO-OPERATION

It is not only the methods of industry that have been revised, but even the materials used are constantly undergoing change. Coal, almost alone, survives as a material to be used, and even coal, we are told, is to be displaced as a source of energy. An adaptable machine and process can only be managed by adaptable people. Established routines enable an established society to train men in the routines required of them; an adaptable society cannot be managed by other than an adaptable people. Nor is this a problem only for England or America. Every country, Russia included, must face the problem. Industry demands a more thorough training and more professional approach in these days. *Spontaneous co-operation* is the heart of the matter. Without eager and enthusiastic collaboration, the pace of development cannot be maintained. This is a brief sketch of

some of the industrial problems that the twentieth century faces. The country that is, at the moment, best discovering human and material requirements of this century is not Russia, but the United States. Large-scale organisation is apparently here to stay; vigour and initiative in the individual, wherever found, are as necessary as ever they were. How to make the best of this situation is our most urgent problem.

But the ancient parrot cries of a century ago still survive and are apparently the basis of our leadership. Whether the citizen is firmly Labour and believes that 'nationalisation' solves the problem, whether he is Conservative or Liberal and believes that 'private enterprise' is possible—these ideas alike are nonsense. In the twentieth century we must examine problems of the twentieth century. And what do we find? A pronounced political drift in the direction of Government control of all activities. Apparently the most conservative members of the community or the most radical are alike incapable of preventing this. 'Drift' is apparently the outstanding character of the present. Better to state the real problems and proceed to systematic work upon them than to move constantly in a direction that we decry and disclaim.

In 1933, after spending many years in close study of industry in America, I said in some Lowell lectures that our political leaders seemed to be constantly moving in the direction of 'economic nationalism' or centralisation of economic activities. In the very act of deploring these tendencies, they were often forced to act in a manner that increased the trend to central and remote control. After many more years spent in further study of what is actually occurring, I see no reason for qualification of what I said at that time. The trend has continued at an increased pace. Large-scale organisation with remote control is the order of the day. The trend is world-wide and it is disastrous—disastrous because, as the strength of remote control increases, the obedience to orders from above diminishes at an increased pace. We can see this, as I have said, equally in the trade unions as in the industries themselves. Orders issued from above, from headquarters, are disregarded; recent examples are Grimethorpe, the Port of London, Euston, the busmen in London. These strikes occurred in defiance, one might say, of trade union authorities. And this country is not alone in this situation.

In America, however, the problem has attracted some attention. Yale University has recently published a study of expanding industry: *The International Business Machines of Endicott*. In this instance, the company was intelligent enough, as it enlarged, to increase the accessibility of the higher executive to the ordinary worker. Any worker who was dissatisfied with any feature of his situation was encouraged to approach not merely his foreman, but the higher executives and to discuss the whole situation with them directly.

Let me summarise, as briefly as may be, what I have said.

The twentieth century finds us stating the problems we face in terms suited only to the mid-nineteenth. There has been a pronounced political drift in the direction of large-scale organisation; it matters little whether this organisation is public or private. The effect of this has been to increase the remoteness of the control; it has been attended by what is often termed disloyalty or indiscipline in the worker. This so-called disloyalty is merely evidence of the fact that in all large-scale organisations the communication between the high executives and the workers is bad, or wholly absent. The problem receives some attention in America; too little in England, none in Russia. Interrupted communication involves a feeling of non-participation in the workers. Where this feeling is present, there will be no spontaneity of collaboration between management and workers. The whole problem demands attention and remedy.

Our broadcasting has come in for a good deal of criticism. To what extent is it justified? And what can be done to remedy it?

The Workings of the B.B.C.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

SOMEDAY, someone will write a critical account of how English broadcasting has developed. By English broadcasting I do not mean engineering, or the development of the techniques of transmission, any more than by 'Fleet Street' or the 'Press' one would mean the development of the linotype machine. I mean a critical account of the planning and control of programmes by this huge organisation, the planning and control of *what* passes from the studio into the set and into our, at times, distrustful ears. Indeed, a critical account of *what* has been transmitted.

And no doubt when this investigation is made, after long research into that mass of archives which the B.B.C. must be accumulating, it will add to this conclusion, which will not be so odd, after all, however much it may surprise the innocent—that nothing has been planned or controlled.

Services, in the present organisation of the B.B.C., have indeed controllers, departments, and regions have directors; and there are 'planners' in the middle of the web of Broadcasting House. The planners—these we need scarcely consider. They do not plan the substance of programmes: they are only, so far as one can discover, a little more than dividers and sub-dividers of time-allocators of the space-time of the broadcasting day and night. So much and at such an hour is talk, is feature, is drama, is music, is actuality.

But who decides *what* is to be broadcast? Who initiates? Who evaluates and decides upon the actual performance, the actual material? The present method is one of the most peculiar that can ever have been devised. The service controllers (leaving out regional broadcasting or schools broadcasting or the broadcasting for children, in which there survives a little more sanity of method) do indeed, in Light and Home and Third, have power, quarter by quarter, over their programmes. They can, and it seems they often do, decide that they want this or that. Thereupon they ask for this or that through those who direct the servicing departments. Mainly, though, it is these service departments who have to feel the world around them and who then suggest to the controller that so and so needs attention by such and such a performer. Or they report that this and that have been offered. Suggestions and offers are then subject to the controller's choice. It is this control and these midwifery departments one needs to ring round and examine beneath a lens.

Passing events do not determine broadcasting, indeed should not determine broadcasting, so much as they must determine the content of a newspaper in and out of its

news columns, or of a weekly journal of affairs. Broadcasting has also the timeless universe of knowledge, and valuation, and entertainment to pick from and present. But how does the B.B.C., in the person of these controllers and directors and the producers under them, apportion its 'spaces' to the categories within this universe? How does this cultural, this educative corporation, safeguard a keen evaluation of *all* the activities of the intellect and determine what *must* be broadcast?

In spite of committees internal and external, in spite of programme meetings and the millenary traffic of memoranda, both questions could be answered 'hardly at all'. It appears that everything in daily practice depends upon the judgment, tastes, whims of individuals, from controller to producer. There are keen minds—and dull minds—in the B.B.C. But within such a cultural bureaucracy, the edge gets turned and the determinative posts are not always likely to go to minds which see through the façade of events or cut sharply through the momentary appearances of culture and the waste with which it clogs and hides itself. The brilliant editor is rare in journalism, or in literary journalism; and his tenure is apt to be short. The brilliant controller in the B.B.C.? The brilliant director?

Clearly, then, it is the B.B.C.'s duty to be very well advised at all points, to be sure that everything which should be considered is considered, to be sure that controllers, directors, producers should be sane and balanced as a team, if not men of brilliant perception. They should at least *know* of everything of weight in all sections of knowledge and evaluation and investigation from which programme material may at last be chosen. The bias towards bureaucracy has therefore to be recognised by the B.B.C. itself. Allowance must be made for it by the B.B.C., to keep matters straight —or straighter.

But no such thing. Those whose business leads them often into the studios will agree that the personnel has not been so cunningly chosen that all types of mind devoted to all categories of possible content are represented with much experience, knowledge, intellect and skill. And such is the complex scope of all that a broadcasting monopoly has to disseminate in our time that just a few individuals more highly placed than the producers can hardly survey it and grasp all of it without a divine omniscience. It is inescapable that such a monster organisation, unless it deliberately takes the right medicine, must be diseased by particularism. That is to say, it must come to think that the sum of its own desires and inclinations and aspirations is universal, which is a dangerous state. For serving a public of many millions, when for us, for that public, there is no alternative since broadcasting is a monopoly, it follows that a dilettante humanism in high places and lower places in Broadcasting House is not qualification enough. Various committees, on which there are distinguished men and women, endure, and come and go. One may suspect their function is less to advise than to save the face of the B.B.C. against hostile critics.

No, the B.B.C. needs and lacks, I have long thought, a research service. It needs and lacks the expert in all categories (except one, which is the category of music, where the experts are in power, effectually at least, and where the resulting programmes surpass in quality and adequacy all the rest of the B.B.C.'s output). Bureaucracy dislikes the expert. It is always afraid of getting the wrong expert. So I believe that the B.B.C. dislikes and distrusts the expert in any subject as producer; and perhaps with some reason. Very well. Let English broadcasting have its research service of experts—experts in science, in economics, in art, in literature, and all the rest. Let it be the function of these experts only to miss nothing, only to know their categories backwards and forwards, only to lay before the producers, the directors, the controllers, all the facts, all the developments, all the knowledge of who is who, and what is what. Let them tell the staff—it might often be just so simple and just so necessary—that Picasso is a celebrated artist or that anthropology is a science which

(continued on page 80)

Peace by Conference?

A point of view by

ALEX COMFORT

THE conferences at Wroclaw, New York and Paris, have as their slogan 'Intellectuals for Peace'. They occupy a recognisable place in the skin-game which is in progress today: Mr. T. S. Eliot has denounced the American conference as a reunion of Stalinists and fellow-travellers. But they can only be dismissed in this way if we accept the pretensions of the West as uncritically as Russian intellectuals accept those of the East, and base our mental and practical policies on the assumption that open war is inevitable.

This challenge does not arise from any mistaken view of the political purpose of the conferences, but from the recognition that art and science carry the responsibility for peace more fully and more irrevocably than the Communists who promote these meetings admit. Prof. Bernal states their case, in so far as science is concerned, in a recent pamphlet.[1] The points which he stresses are more widely recognised outside the Communist Party than inside it, because they are recognised without realisation. The militarisation of Europe, the ruinous effects on science of nationalism and secrecy, the enlistment of research in purely destructive projects, cause concern which extends far outside the Marxist enclave. The importance of these issues, and the reality of the spread of vague and mystical ideas of reality which Mr. Cornforth attacks in the second half of the same pamphlet, are obscured by the tendentiousness of the whole production and the blindness of the authors to the faults of their own side. Conferences for peace and freedom, and books which support them, require to be something more than analyses in terms of Saxon black and Moscow white. Prof. Bernal destroys his plea for scientific reason by his ignorance of the conceptions of society and human behaviour which come from sociological research, and which make nineteenth-century notions of revolution, centralised government and institutional reform as obsolete as the Phlogiston Theory: Mr. Cornforth mixes his denunciation of mysticism with a political mysticism which effectively saws off the limb on which he is sitting. If the evidence suggests that the universe is finite, and Marx says it is not, then the evidence is bourgeois, and therefore false. Both dislike the scientific study of society at least as much as Rome disliked Galileo, and for the same reasons. Their denunciations of social studies, as techniques for the perpetuation of capitalism, are singularly unreal at a time when the most damaging criticisms of Western culture come from sociological research.

In asserting the responsibility of science and art for peace, we do not need to attend conferences. There is a message which we can legitimately send them. It makes no difference whether they are sincere manifestations of a will to peace or intellectual Trojan Horses. The message is the same. The attitude of a growing proportion of the artists and scientists in Western Europe is based on acceptance of their responsibility in society. Their conception of that responsibility is based not on Marxism but on accurate research in human biology: it rejects the atom bomb as well as the Siberian camps, megalopolitan capitalism as well as Communist hierarchy. It rejects war for or against the Soviet Union, or anyone else, as incompatible with human survival, and it judges the defects of both sides in an equal light. We can say we are ready and willing to stand up to these defects in our own society, to meet them by action, by disobedience if need be. We will do our part for humanity. Are the intellectuals of the East equally ready to do theirs? We await their stand, for man, against power.

[1] J. D. Bernal and M. Cornforth. *Science for Peace and Socialism.* (Birch Books.)

Human Vanity

An excerpt from the *Pisan Cantos* by Ezra Pound
published by New Directions, New York

What thou lovest well remains,
the rest is dross
What thou lov'st well shall not be reft from thee
What thou lov'st well is thy true heritage
Whose word, or mine or theirs
or is it of none?
First came the seen, then thus the palpable
Elysium, thou it were in the halls of hell,
What thou lovest well is thy true heritage.

The ant's a centaur in his dragon world.
Pull down thy vanity, it is not man
Made courage, or made order, or made grace,
Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.
Learn of the green world what can be thy place
In scaled invention or true artistry,
Pull down thy vanity,
Paquin pull down!
The green casque has outdone your elegance.

'Master thyself then others shall thee beare'
Pull down thy vanity.
Thou art a beaten dog beneath the hail,
A swollen magpie in a fitful sun,
Half black half white
Nor knowst'ou wing from tail
Pull down thy vanity. . . .

ROBERT PAYNE describes his meeting in Washington's St. Elizabeth Hospital with the poet who was recently honoured with the Poetry Prize

Ezra Pound

UNDER the great elms, the sun beating down in the Washington garden, the white gulls swooping among the trees in the heat-haze, I saw him in the distance looking very frail and small against the intense shimmering green of the grass. To get to him it was necessary to pass a roped enclosure where the most extraordinary things were happening—there were men in a kind of grey prison garb crawling on their knees, and some were standing on chairs shouting at the top of their lungs, but most of them sat with their hands clasped between their knees, sunk in dejection. 'I am Boris Gudonov, master of all the Russias!' The shrieking voice went on and on, screaming louder than the gulls, a deep rhythmic and compulsive voice which endlessly repeated the same meaningless phrase. Beyond the enclosure, sitting on the edge of a deck-chair, his wiry beard turning to silver, was Ezra Pound, who is almost certainly the greatest of our English poets.

He was shorter and wirier than I had thought possible, gnome-like, his face pale under the thin coating of bronze from the sun. Around him there was a kind of magic circle of quiet. The voices of the lunatics in St. Elizabeth's Hospital could be heard, but they seemed curiously muted at this distance; and because Pound himself seemed not to hear the voices, and talked quietly and gently as though he were in his own garden in Rapallo, it was perfectly possible to pretend they were not there.

He said: 'You don't have to pay attention to them. One gets used to it, and they're good fellows underneath.'

'I wasn't paying attention to them.'

'Oh yes, you were. You were shivering. Everyone does when they come here.'

He opened the book he was reading—an edition of the Chinese songs which are supposed to have been collected by Confucius, and began to talk about China. He had never been there, but he still hoped to go. 'India and China—that's the place to go to.' He began to talk about Buddha and Confucius, that dazzling and faintly Italian Confucius whose exploits are related in Pound's Cantos. 'I'm not much of a philosopher,' he went on, 'but that's where the truth is—in Confucius, and perhaps in Buddha. I've been learning Chinese for twenty years, and don't seem to get much forrader. I'm still working on it. I'll probably be working on it when I am dying.'

I asked about the Cantos. There had appeared a few weeks previously an admirably-printed edition of the Pisan Cantos, written during his imprisonment in northern Italy, and I was struck by the extraordinary beauty of the imagery: unaccountably and almost for the first time there had appeared in Pound's poetry something entirely new, a grave gentleness, almost Olympian: he seemed to prefer speaking of animals, birds, wasps—the most moving thing in the Pisan Cantos was the account of the wasp slowly building its nest in Pound's prison-cage against every difficulty; and the wasp had somehow become the whole of Europe. 'As a lone ant from a broken ant-hill, from the wreckage of Europe, *ego scriptor*.' The old

EZRA POUND

battle between Europe and China, which had been going on almost from the beginning, was now resolved at last. Between what Pound has called 'the Charybdis of action and the solitude of Mount Tai-shan', he had made his choice for China, the remote heritage, Persephone among the Chinese mists. So Hölderlin and Goethe had fought themselves free of the Hebrew and Greek heritages, and out of them made something implacably new. There they were, the great cantos, all eighty-four of them, sixteen remaining to be done. How would it end? Yeats had spoken once of the grand design, but Pound shook his head in bewilderment.

'Poor old Yeats; he always wanted to make his grand designs—well, there isn't any—nothing so formal. All history, yes, but history's a thing of "multitudinous aspect". I don't know yet how it will end. You have to wait for these things. I've had a kind of vision of Buddha and Confucius — enormous — there they are, standing against the sky, advancing towards men — no, not that, just standing there.'

'Are they blessing men?'

'Good God, no! They're just standing there.'

I asked whether there were any recordings made of the Cantos.

'Who the devil wants that? One writes for the printed page nowadays. I'm agin' it. The thing must stand on its own.'

'You've never recorded anything.'

'No. Don't remember it.'

In Harvard University Library I listened later, with great pleasure, to the recording he had made of three of his Cantos. The voice was the same, the inflections crisp, the gaiety continual, and sometimes there was the flashing of a razor-edge in the air, a quick turn of the 'mouth's wrist' as he seized some hated theory and flung it sidelong. Now, as he spoke, summoning out of the heat-haze recollections of Yeats, Ford, Old Possum—he said there was no truth at all in the story that he had made a pact with T. S. Eliot: one would sabotage from inside and the other from abroad; it had just happened that way; he had not been well, and preferred to live under the Italian sun, and besides, all Italy had been meat for his poetry—and sometimes the voice cracked like a whip as he remembered his enemies, who had been legion. His mind moved with unaccountable speed—bee-like—but there was no tenseness, only an essential gaiety. Had I read Frobenius? No. 'Read Frobenius —it's all there. A poet has to know something about the morphology of civilisations.' He went on: 'There are mathematically sixty-four basic general forms of the

so-called dactyllic hexameter. The trouble about the young poets nowadays is that they don't know their metrics. There's a French book on metrics—excellent. I'll write it down for you.' While he was writing, I told him I had asked T. S. Eliot once when he wrote his best poetry, and Eliot answered that he usually wrote best after a bout of influenza. 'Yes, he would say that,' Pound chuckled.

'Well, when do you write best?'

'I don't need influenza.'

He confessed he wrote straight on to the typewriter and had a kind of affection for the machine—the only good thing the machine-age had produced. He liked the noise of it, and the way the characters stood out on the page; I did not ask him why the manuscripts sent to the publisher were so written over with emendations that he must have possessed a Balzacian indifference to the eyes of editors and compositors. Months previously James Laughlin XVIII had shown me the manuscript of the Pisan Cantos: it was written on smoky-blue paper; on every line there were erasions, spidery additions, soap-bubbles containing explanatory elaborations—*for God's sake get the accents rite!*—yet the Greek accents, when the book appeared, were fabulously wrong; half the Latin was incorrect and some of the Italian made no sense. In an earlier Canto, Pound quoted John Adams as saying:

> I begged Otis to print it (the Greek (prosody)
> He said there were no Greek types in America,
> and if there were, were no typesetters cd use 'em.

It was worse now, but the book was at least printed; Pound's reputation for scholarship as jeopardised as ever. He hardly cared. There was fantastic scholarship behind that faintly-sunburned brain. He had drawn his net wide over the Mediterranean, England, America and China, and as he spoke, he seemed to have all the world's literature at his finger-tips. I told him I had been dismissed from a British Council post in China by an English professor who viewed with alarm my insistence that Pound's scholarship was excellent.

'Maybe that professor of yours was right,' he laughed. 'What's scholarship? I don't give a damn for scholarship. The thing is to know your stuff.' He said this several times; he had nothing but contempt for those who did not know their stuff. '*Ars scribendi* is: first the motion, then get the soup out, then learn English.' It made more sense that way. He kept coming back, like a tired Œdipus, to the young. 'They don't study enough. In my day we'd study till we dropped. Lord, there's so much to study.'

'What would you have them do?'

'Study one thing to perfection—life's not long enough even for that. Lord, I work hard. Why the devil don't they work?'

The gulls were sweeping low; the katatonics were lost in their dreams; Boris Gudonov was hoarse at last. Above us the blue shade of the elm was like a cone, and somewhere behind us there was all the grey stone of the forbidding hospital, the windows catching the sun. Even squirrels came out of the blue shade; their eyes were not as bright as Pound's as he declaimed, with an execrable accent, a Chinese ode. It was clear, then, that he had learned Chinese almost alone, plunging headlong with his encyclopædic mind into regions where nothing can be learned alone except by a genius; and genius he must have been, for Chinese poets point to Pound as the only foreigner who has ever translated their poetry well, and he has done this with a defective knowledge of the idiom, but with a mastery of the Chinese style.

'You know,' he said, half earnestly, half jokingly, 'it's all there—the Chinese tones. They make you sing, and that's what poetry should be. Old Possum doesn't sing. They've lost that art. It'll come back again, but they'll have to study to sing.'

He began to talk about the months he had spent in prison near Pisa, in a cage made of the netting for an air-strip; the condemned cell nearby; the cat that came to share his meals; the rough humour of the coloured men; the American guards who could not

understand his passion for scribbling, his desire for books. Through the Pisan Cantos there comes the tremendous imagery of tigers and panthers. 'I was in prison. I told myself I could stand it, if the puma I'd seen in the Roman Zoo could stand it. I kept thinking about the puma. He was a beautiful beast. That's where it comes from. And the wasp—that was in my cage, and I've never admired an animal more.'

The old spells were there: in the man and in the poem, that poem which begins with 'the enormous tragedy of the dream in the peasants' bent shoulders', and ends with the hoarfrost on the tent on an Italian night —a poem which laughs and dances its way through the climate of our times and has all our bitterness. He was a major poet: he wrote like an angel; he was cooped up for his sins in a lunatic asylum, and nothing anyone could do seemed likely to remove him from it. He was ill and his strength was going out; there were even moments when he looked as though he would melt into the landscape, so slight he was, and so much like an alert faun, untamable still. In one of the most beautiful of his lines, echoing a Tang poem, he wrote: 'The blue field melts in the cloud-flow', and there was always this evanescence about him—a kind of blessedness. The long sailing journey, the *periplum*, was nearly over; there remained fourteen more Cantos to be written, and some more work on Chinese poetry, and perhaps 'Persian poetry—that's something one should go into, if there's time—they could sing in those days.' Then Old Ez would fold his blankets. 'Neither Eos nor Hesperus has suffered wrong at my hands.'

But it was not quite so simple. This Old Œdipus, who had wandered in many strange fields of exploration and who had changed the course of English poetry more radically than anyone since Keats, had still immense life in him. He can still roar against our present theories of money, unrepentantly devoted to Douglas and Gesell—and who shall say he is wrong? He still studies omniverously a huge Chinese dictionary at his elbow, and still produces major works of art. Only a handful of people have seen the translations and commentaries he wrote on Cavalcanti, which will become a classic in time. His reverence for his masters, Cavalcanti and Dante, remains undimmed. It seems tragic that, for the sake of some witless broadcasts made in Rome, he should be kept in the perpetual custody of an asylum, for a greatness shines on the ageing face and all men's gratitude is due to the great poets.

He speaks once in the poem of a 'fatigue deep as the grave', and there is an unwearying weariness in some of the passages which speak of a personal desolation and a kind of repentance, and with this there is a tenderness towards all growing things. In time they will compare the landscape of the Pisan Cantos with the posthumous quartets: for the slow sorrow, the emerging ritual of despair, the cloud-gleams of another landscape. Yet one remembers most of all those half-passionate, half-acquiescent moments in later poetry when, after a lifetime dedicated his to his art, he separates the transient from the eternal: If Pound means, as he seems to mean, that the green laurel-wreath of the poet has outdone all elegance, and is no longer of any worth, he is mistaken. Perhaps only to him, and to the other poet who wrote of a green child, is the green casque a fitting emblem.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON

'In a statement carried by the American press, the Library of Congress jury—which gave Ezra Pound a poetry prize and which included such people without a country and without a sense of ethics as T. S. Eliot—pointed out that in making the award it ignored all other considerations and took into account only poetic achievement.

'If one is to believe this statement, then one is prompted to ask: How low and miserable must be the quality of modern bourgeois poetry in America if even the insane and versified ravings of a confessed madman could win a literary prize?'

Moscow Radio, March 21, 1949

Comments on PETER BROOK'S *production of*

DARK OF THE MOON

by Howard Richardson and William Berney

A Company of Four Production, staged by Tennents at

THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE

BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P. and CRADDOCK MUNRO

(1) THE CRITIC'S VIEW

It is always interesting, though not necessarily exciting, to see someone accomplish the impossible. Thus the professional juggler, the trapeze artist and the international acrobats rouse our esteem, but do not quicken our pulses.

When, however, we witness a miracle in the legitimate theatre, then we must needs proclaim the fact to the listening multitudes and urge them to render gold and myrrh to those who have wrought the wonder. Therefore I have no hesitation in claiming that the production of 'Dark of the Moon' must be accepted as one of the seven wonders of the theatre.

If the reader will assume for a moment that he or she is an adviser to a London theatrical management, we can perhaps appreciate the dilemma. 'This play,' you would have to say, 'deals with the lives of the poor whites in America's Smoky Mountains. They are ignorant, superstitious, drunken and licentious. The theme of the play is how a boy who is a witch falls in love with, and marries, a mortal girl. They have a witch baby whom the people burn to death. It has been decreed that, if the young wife is faithful for one year to her husband, he will remain a human for the rest of his life. However, the local Baptist preacher holds a revival meeting which reaches such an ecstasy of religious frenzy that the wife submits to the sacrificial embrace of a former lover. The faithless wife goes back to her husband and dies. The witch husband flies away on the wings of an eagle.'

Can you imagine a theatrical management (especially in London where whimsy and the supernatural are always in poor demand) declaring that they would put their money into 'Dark of the Moon'? I do not think it would have happened this time if it had not been for the existence of an utterly improbable young man of twenty-three named Peter Brook.

When Brook was an undergraduate at Oxford, he spent all his time dabbling in the theatre and films. At nineteen years of age he produced Cocteau's 'The Infernal Machine' at a small neighbourhood theatre in London. His brilliant lighting and group effects attracted so much attention in subsequent productions that he was summoned to Stratford-on-Avon to direct 'Romeo and Juliet' for the opening of the Festival season two years ago.

His lighting was startling, his crowd scenes exciting, his duels scintillating, his

WILLIAM SYLVESTER *as the Witch Boy, with the two pretty witches,* MARY LAURA WOOD *and* SANDRA DORNE

incidental music haunting. The only trouble was that he had no interest in either Romeo or Juliet. Quite rightly the critics chastised him, for he was becoming important enough for punishment. Then a year ago he turned up as a producer-in-general for the opera season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Five feet four in height, with a soft voice and a shy smile, this twenty-three-year-old youth ordered opera singers about until they nearly collapsed from fatigue. As one tenor said to a large soprano: 'It is like being kicked by a canary.' But he should have added that the canary had a kick like a mule.

With courage and wisdom the shrewd Tennents' management asked Peter Brook if he would like to produce 'Dark of the Moon'. There could have been only one answer. Even without reading the manuscript, Brook could never have refused a play with a title like that. It went into rehearsal and opened for a week's try-out in Brighton. Perhaps because of the sanity of the sea air, the citizens of Brighton would have nothing to do with it. A large and discouraged company, under the merciless harrying and vitalising of a mere boy, played to almost empty houses.

Without much confidence it was taken to the Lyric, Hammersmith, the famous old theatre which is used by Tennents for London try-outs. We, who attend first nights, watched the unfolding of something which seemed a hodge-podge of 'Tobacco Road', 'Oklahoma', 'Macbeth' and 'Iolanthe'. Superstition about witches we could understand, but real witches were logically absurd and artistically ridiculous.

But we had not counted on Peter Brook. He summoned moonlight, magic and the mystery of night to break down our defences. He hurled his witches against us with such passionate appeal that, like a Christmas audience at 'Peter Pan', we were almost ready to shout 'Yes' to his question 'Do you believe in witches?'

The culmination of the revival meeting scene is hysterical, sensual and blasphemous, but under Peter Brook's baton it becomes art, and the offence is purged. I shudder to think what this play would be like in the hands of an ordinary company and a normal producer. All I can tell you is that, at the end of the play on the opening night, even the dramatic critics cheered.

Several of the players have been studying at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and they were able to give an authenticity to the play which would have been impossible with an all-British cast. William Sylvester is most appealing as the witch boy, and Craddock Munro was completely convincing as the impassioned, hard-drinking

Baptist preacher. But the star of the show is Peter Brook who had developed from *L'enfant terrible* to *l'enfant prodigue* and is already wondering what worlds are left for him to conquer. B. B.

(2) THE ACTOR'S REPLY

I HAVE been asked to express my views on 'Dark of the Moon', either in opposition to, or in agreement with, Mr. Beverley Baxter. There is little I can say to refute Mr. Baxter's statements, or those of his fellow critics. He and they, with great sagacity, have showered Mr. Peter Brook's production with the jewels of praise so richly deserved. I, as an American actor, feel that it has been a great privilege to have worked with a man whose understanding of the theatre is so keen.

There is one large point, however, which I do feel was sadly missed by most of the critics—the beauty and the stark realism of the play. I think I may safely say that this is a point which Mr. Brook did not fail to recognise, nor do I believe that he felt the play was purely a matter of production. The proof of this is, to quote him: 'I think this is one of the most beautiful plays I have ever read.' Not all the critics were so insensitive as to treat 'Dark of the Moon' as though it were a sordid fantasy, but if by any chance one of the critics I am thinking of should read this, I can only say, 'If the cap fits . . .'

Several critics classed the story of the play as bogus and legendary. This is only partly true. The play is based on a legend as told in the ballad of Barbara Allen, but the belief in witchcraft is not bogus: it exists today among the people of the Smoky Mountains, who would not for a moment question the realism of 'Dark of the Moon'.

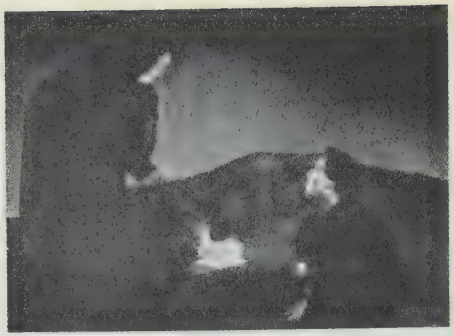
These beliefs in witches, fairies, ghosts and many old wives' tales are something the people brought with them to America generations ago, and life in remote parts of the United States, such as the mountain villages of the Smokies, has not dissipated these beliefs, but, on the contrary, has strengthened them. Delving further into the realism of the play, let us first take the

SHEILA BURRELL *as Barbara Allen*

people. Their names are predominantly of English, Scottish and Welsh origin, with a touch of German. These names—Atkins, Jenkins, Allen and so on—have been in the hills of the Smokies for two hundred years, and they will undoubtedly be there for another two hundred. Their ancestors fled from religious persecution in their respective countries and settled in the mountains of North Carolina. The very factor which caused them to leave their homeland became the most dominant one in their lives, and this is shown throughout the entire play, especially in the fanaticism of the revival meeting, which is not a figment of the authors' imaginations, but is true in almost every sense, and at the height of the fervour, such a thing as the seduction of Barbara might well take place within the walls of the church.

I lived in North Carolina for several years and had the opportunity of attending numerous meetings of this type and I can sincerely say I find little added to the scene to make it 'theatrical'.

To convince the reader further that these people are not just a group of stage characters whom the authors have assembled to give the play colour, but a true cross-section of the types of people found in almost any mountain community of North Carolina, I quote for you what one of the authors told

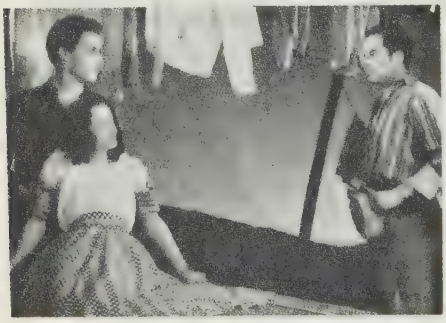


1 *The Witch Boy is about to become a mortal*

2 *At a barn dance he floors Barbara Allen's suitor*

3 *Then he comes to Barbara's home*

4 *He finds her, makes love to her . . .*



5 *. . . and finally marries her against all odds*

7 *Barbara's embrace ends the Witch Boy's career as a human*

6 *The preacher works his people into a frenzy*

the entire company when we were assembled for our first reading. Born and raised in the mountains, he told us that the play contained all the 'love and hate' that he had for his own people. His grandfather was a Baptist minister, and the character of Preacher Haggler, I think, greatly shows the influence of this family tie.

The dialect is a long, slow, easy drawl, a mixture combining the pronunciation and terms of the English, Scotch, Welsh and German, very strongly laced with that of the Negro. They also 'hit' a great many words, and a conversation with a Carolinian is like listening to the wireless with someone constantly turning the volume up and down. I should like, here, to give the large, and principally English, cast the full credit due to them for tackling the dialect with such firm determination, and rendering, to my mind, a more than passable representation of the mountain speech; I doubt if any American audience (Northern, that is) could tell the difference.

The ballad on which the story was built, although perhaps unrecognisable, is the original Scottish ballad, 'Barbara Allen of Scarlet Town'. This ballad, you may be interested to learn, today has some two-hundred-odd versions, and this number will undoubtedly keep growing as long as there are 'hill-billies' in my country, for they are natural ballad-makers.

Mr. Baxter calls this production a 'miracle'. I agree with him in this sense, that, as an American, I never believed it possible that I should see such an essentially American play successfully put over by a largely British cast. You have tried so often before with so much less success. That is, to me, the 'miracle' of 'Dark of the Moon'.

C. M.

(3) THE THIRD OPINION

I THINK, if Mr. Munro and Mr. Baxter were to discuss this play over a glass or two of Carolina corn whisky, some more definite disagreement between them might be revealed. Mr. Baxter is in no doubt that the play is a triumph of production—nor am I: I have seldom seen such smooth stagecraft. Mr. Munro would agree, but might, I imagine, put in a very strong rider claiming more credit for the acting and for the play itself. Not many people know that this is not the first London production of 'Dark of the Moon'. It was done for one Sunday night at the Scala with a cast of R.A.D.A. students, which contained a slightly higher proportion of Americans than is used in the present production. Victor Bradt was the director, and those who saw the play then say that its impact was not less than at the Lyric. Does this not suggest that there is an intrinsic virtue in the play itself, and that what Mr. Brook did was to intensify it?

'Dark of the Moon' is the second successive American 'Play of the Month', and it is like 'Harvey' in having a supernatural character as its centre-piece. But it could not be more unlike 'Harvey' in every other way. The author who said he was expressing love and hate seems to me to have concentrated on the hate, for few of the characters are lovable—whereas 'Harvey', you may remember, struck Miss Seyler as being chiefly a 'comedy of love'. There is nothing escapist in the supernatural theme of 'Dark of the Moon'; it is tragedy, and seems funny sometimes only because it is written in the hill-billy language used by Al Capp in his 'Li'l Abner' cartoons.

So I am in the happy position of being able to agree with both Mr. Baxter and Mr. Munro. It is a wonderful piece of production, but it also is basically a very good play. Mr. Brook's great virtue is that, although obviously an enthusiast for lighting and grouping, he uses them not to clutter up his production but to make it flow. And he can use tricks like a real mist (a mist which could as easily be produced by the actors as by the stagehands) without making you feel that he regards a real mist as being theatrically more effective than a suggested one. This is the crux of realism on the stage. The real must not (as it too often is) be the enemy of the illusory for, whatever some European theorists may believe, when the theatre loses its illusions, it loses its soul.

G. F.

One of our foremost military experts discusses one of our most urgent problems:—

The Defence of WESTERN EUROPE

Capt. B. H. LIDDELL HART

THE planning organisation for Western Europe's defence is very strong—but the actual defences are weak. From that has already developed a difference of views, and apparent signs of a tug between two schools of thought as to the best way of dealing with the problem. One favours a predominantly 'land' solution and the other an 'air' solution.

The primary problem that has to be solved is that of Western Europe's ability to withstand an *overland* invasion—and prevent the Continent being overrun before America could make her weight felt. In that respect, it is the forces on the scene which count, not a prospective reinforcement from overseas, however great this might ultimately become. The opening stage is crucial.

The French Army now is nominally as strong as before the war; indeed, a shade larger in numbers—550,000. But its operational strength (the number of formations organised for action) is much smaller, and not even as well equipped as in 1940 relative to the standards of the time. There are only five divisions in France, though two of these are armoured divisions. But the heaviest handicap of all is the French Army's continued lack of modern weapons, especially of the heavier types—tanks, artillery and aircraft. Belgium's annual contingent is only 32,000 and her actual formations now comprise only three skeleton divisions. Holland has not even that.

What can Britain contribute to the immediate defence of Western Europe? On the latest figures given, the Army numbers just over 400,000 men. Of this total, 180,000 are Regulars, and the remainder are conscripts under the National Service scheme. All other significant facts about its composition and distribution are officially concealed from the public.

Some facts have been given, however, by speakers in Parliament, and in other well-informed quarters. It was stated, without contradiction, that our operational strength amounts to only two infantry divisions, one armoured brigade, and one parachute brigade. It has been mentioned that one infantry division is in Germany, together with an armoured brigade and a parachute brigade. The existence of an infantry division in the Eastern Mediterranean area has also been mentioned. The obvious conclusion is that there are no divisions at home. In any case, the recent dispatch of the Guards to Malaya made it plain that the cupboard was bare. Even Mother Hubbard's cat would be able to draw that conclusion, let alone an intelligent Intelligence Service.

Before the war the Army was less than half the size, yet produced seven divisions at home, available to help the defence of Western Europe, and three in Egypt and Palestine. Three of the ten were armoured

divisions. That was the result of the reorganisation which Mr. Hore-Belisha initiated in 1937–38. As his personal adviser at that time, I was closely concerned with solving the problem of getting the maximum number of operational formations out of a limited scale of manpower. The harder problem was to get the equipment produced, owing to earlier neglect to develop armament factories. The divisions also required to have their administrative services increased after mobilisation, before they were ready for major operations. But those that we had overseas were capable at any moment of dealing with disturbances and checking the kind of hostile infiltration that has given so much trouble since the war.

The present low capacity, and scarcity of divisions, is due to two factors: first, to swollen establishments of non-fighting troops—a universal legacy of wasteful wartime organisation, which in all armies tends to develop too much top-hamper and too large a 'tail'; second, and still more seriously, to the unwise post-war policy of mixing conscription with the professional system. This entails a vast proportion of the long-service Regulars being diverted to help in training the short-service conscripts—which greatly reduces the Army's readiness to meet a sudden emergency.

It would thus appear that, until we can reorganise to produce more divisions, the British contribution to the defence of Western Union will be limited to the small force that is already present in Germany. The American combat force there is likewise small.

Given time to mobilise, the total forces might be much increased. There are plenty of reservists who could be called up, if not plenty of equipment for them—a handicap which would heavily diminish their mobilisable strength. Some estimates put this at nearly a hundred divisions, but such a figure seems theoretical rather than practical. Beyond this is the question whether there would be time to mobilise.

For the Russians are estimated to have about thirty divisions in their zone of Germany. They are reported to include the equivalent of eight armoured divisions, with tanks that are more powerful than any in Europe except our own latest type, and six to eight motorised divisions. This constitutes a formidable spearhead for an opening thrust. It is much stronger than the forces hitherto available to guard the West.

The total strength of the Red Army is vastly larger, even on the present 'peacetime' basis. Estimates range from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 in men serving, and in organised divisions from 170 to 200. On mobilisation, these might be raised to between 250 and 300, and within a year could be doubled—which would almost equal its last war figure of 550.

As the Russians have not been able to carry the motorisation of their forces nearly as far as in Western armies, there would be delay in bringing their huge weight to bear so far West, because of the difficulties of movement and supply—although one must reckon with the toughness of the Russian troops, and their ability to live where others would starve, and the way they can 'live on the country' where they are operating.

Delay would give the Western countries a chance to mobilise their reserves—which are so much larger than the forces they have ready for action. If they could check any attempt to overrun them quickly and forestall their reinforcement from overseas, the prospect would be more hopeful than it looks at present. But there is obviously a big gap between the strength available and that required as a minimum insurance.

A sense of this gap, and doubts as to how far it can be filled, have given fresh force to a differing current of opinion—particularly in England. This has been under the surface for some time. It was brought out in a recent House of Lords debate that was initiated by Lord Templewood and Lord Trenchard, and was endorsed by Lord Portal. Since the first had been both Air Minister and Foreign Minister, while the others were the two most famous past Chiefs of the Air Staff, their arguments made a deep impression.

THE thesis was put in a sentence, by Templewood: 'I am convinced that for the years immediately before us a dominant Allied Air Force can hold up and disorganise any Russian advance.'

'I contemplate an Allied Air Force to operate at the very beginning of a war of at least 100 jet fighter squadrons, 150 latest type long-range bomber squadrons, 50 pilot-less rocket units and 150 transport squadrons. With a fully-equipped and manned force of this kind, I am convinced that the Allies could stop and disorganise any attempted advance across the Continent.'

Significantly, he did not even mention the need for land forces, but emphasised that, besides 'the immediate organisation of the necessary bases':

'It needs also a determined effort to convince the countries of Western Europe, and particularly France (who for years past has ignored the teachings of air strategy), that air force is the most effective defence against Russian military aggression. Most of all, it needs the closest possible co-operation with the United States Air Force, now the predominant air power in the world, and the constant inter-change of ideas, machines, and personnel between the British and American Air Forces. By these means, provided they are adopted with resolution and without delay, we can most effectively prevent war in the years before us and give European civilisation the breathing space that it needs.'

Trenchard expressed complete agreement, except that he proposed an Anglo-American air force of 550 squadrons—adding '150 squadrons of long-range fighters to protect our long-range bombers', but omitting the 50 pilotless rocket units.

He expressed equally strong disbelief that the Russians could be stopped in any other way:

'With her vast army of millions of men, and masses of equipment and aeroplanes, she would overwhelm any garrison that we might maintain, or are maintaining, in Berlin, or on the Elbe. They would come pouring through, right into France and across France to the coast. . . . Could we stop them with 1,000,000 men on the Elbe? Is it practical, politically or economically, for ourselves or our Allies to put 1,000,000 men on the Elbe? As we know, it is not.'

But Trenchard, like Templewood, was sure that the Russians could be stopped by air power, if the Allied air force was of the scale they proposed. He declared that the war had shown 'beyond a shadow of doubt' that 'no formed bodies of troops can advance any distance by road or rail without air superiority.' No body over a division strong could advance more than a short distance 'in the face of superior air power'.

The issues involved are so vital that it is essential to inquire whether the contentions of this influential school of thought are justified by such experience as we have for guidance. It is evident that Lords Trenchard and Templewood were basing themselves on the evidence of the Western Campaigns. Contrary to this assumption is the fact that on the Eastern Front both the Germans and the Russians repeatedly made long advances without having air supremacy, or anything approaching it. In North Africa, too, Rommel several times succeeded in defeating our forces, and advancing dangerously far towards Egypt, without such an advantage in the air.

It is dangerous to draw conclusions from the disabilities suffered by the German forces in Normandy, where the Allies had an overwhelming mastery of the air—to dominate a relatively-defined area, with limited routes of approach. Even there, under these extreme disabilities, the German forces managed to move about to an extent which is apt to be overlooked by comparison with the hindrances they suffered.

From the evidence I have gathered in my discussions with the German Commanders, it has become clear that the Russian forces, particularly their striking spearheads, are much better fitted than those of any Western Army to carry out such an advance in face of a strong opposing Air Force—because of their lesser dependence upon supply, their troops' greater capacity to do without what other armies regard as necessities (in

food and equipment), and the skill they have developed in moving dispersed.

Moreover, the single-minded 'air' school of thought do not seem to take due account of the effect of the Russian Air Force in hindering such Allied air attack on the advancing Russian armies, and their communications. At the start of a war, this interference would be much more marked than German interference was in the later stages of the last war—another reason why it may be dangerous to draw conclusions from experience in the Western Campaign of 1944–45.

WHILE it seems important to correct excessive assumptions in the arguments of the air school of thought, I agree with its basic thesis—so long as this is not carried too far. When the British rearmament programme was being planned in 1935–36, I argued that it would be wise to concentrate primarily on a powerful air force, backed by a small but highly mobile army. That principle was adopted in 1937 as the basis of our military policy. It was abandoned in 1939, under pressure of the mass army advocates and the French. Yet, in the light of all the evidence now available from the enemy side, it is very clear how easily the German drive could have been paralysed by a combination of air bombing and armoured counterstroke—whereas the immobile mass of the hundred Franco-British foot-marching divisions proved helpless. Their action was always too late.

Likewise, with the present problem, a large army with little air support would weigh less than a powerful air force coupled with a smaller army. The problem is, basically, where to strike the balance.

From my own reflection on the problem, it seems to me that the primary need under present conditions is to develop a highly mobile land force of the *minimum* scale *necessary* to check the Russian *spearheads* that could infiltrate in face of air attack—we are far from possessing that minimum insurance at present. Having determined what the scale of this 'ground-check' should be, the preponderant effort should be concentrated on developing air strength—to paralyse the follow-up advance of the Russian masses.

If Western Union had available even twenty high quality divisions, modernly equipped and ready for action on the spot like a fire-brigade, the whole situation would be changed for the better. General Martel, who was head of the British armoured forces and then of the British Military Mission in Russia, has suggested a similar number as the requisite minimum.

Such a number is not an impossibility. But it could only be attained by a radical change in the present military systems. One way would be to extend the period of full-time conscript service to three years, in all the countries, despite its heavy economic and social drawbacks. The other way would be to concentrate on obtaining sufficient professional soldiers to form operational forces on the required scale. That would involve a remodelling of the present mixed system and also more attractive rates of pay, but the economic burden on the nations would be considerably less than that which would be caused by three years' conscript service. It would also be more sure to produce an army of expert skill and dependability in emergency.

If the scale of the 'fire-brigade' could be doubled, the prospects of defence would be increased out of all proportion. But such a figure would hardly be attainable except at the cost of essential air strength. Even the manpower required for such a force—as distinct from a conscript force that can only be mobilised *after* the emergency has arrived—might only be possible in one of two ways: by incorporating the Germans in the Western Union forces, or by stationing a large American land force permanently in Europe.

On any basis, however, the equipment problem remains to be solved. At present, that is the worst deficiency of the continental members of Western Union, and it is even worse in the air sphere than on land. This need only be met by large-scale and early provision from the U.S.A.

The Carefree Islands

EDWARD HULTON

COME with me on a magic carpet to the West Indies—though I, personally, went on the *Queen Mary*. The newspaper descriptions of these great ships constantly suggest Aladdin-like luxury, a veritable Tsarskoye Selo afloat. Yet the vast public halls are for all the world like a large Lyons'. Perhaps this is because 'the modern style' has dated with disastrous rapidity. This 'modern style' now suggests the second-rate caravanserai, or even the tube or bus. More fundamentally, it is the outward badge of an experiment which we feel to have failed, optimistic progress and peace through Science and Socialism.

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We proceeded from snow-clad New York City in the general direction of Nassau on the 'Miamian' or 'Orange-Blossom Express' which conveyed us smoothly as far as Miami. It is an excellent train, complete with 'club car'. In this latter vehicle I was brought up against the well-intentioned, but sometimes tiring, American worship of uniformity. I had ordered a milk-and-soda, when a girl sitting next to me volunteered, 'In this country we do not order milk-and-sodas! We order milk!' On my return journey in a similar vehicle, I went so far as to order wine, albeit white American wine from California. A fellow traveller—I mean another traveller—took the trouble to cross the car and pick up my empty bottle, scrutinising it with wonder, as if it had just dropped from another planet. 'What language are you speaking?' he inquired. 'I am endeavouring to express myself in the English tongue,' says I. 'Oh I thought it was Dutch,' says he. I confirmed afterwards that by 'Dutch' he most probably meant 'German', if not 'Nazi'.

* * *

Miami (Florida), Nassau (Bahamas) and Kingston (Jamaica), stand in the greatest possible contrast to one another. Miami was the famed 'millionaires' play-ground of the early inter-war real estate boom years. The fashionable American millionaires and their ladies have now betaken themselves to Palm Beach, leaving Miami as one of America's Blackpools. It enjoys an attractive situation on a series of canals and waters. But it is terribly urban, and full of untidy skyscrapers.

Nassau must be a revelation to Americans, since there is nothing like it in the United States, with the possible exception of Annapolis, Maryland, or more exactly, Williamsburg, the old capital of Virginia, now kept up as a sort of living museum. Actually there is very little like Nassau left on Earth today; for it retains the social atmosphere of Cannes in the early thirties, or even of Monte Carlo during the days of Edward VII and Leopold I. Pulchritudinous bathing socialites like those of the palmy days of the French Riviera can be seen on the beaches of Nassau; though entertaining is almost entirely in the hands of wealthy Americans of very senior age-groups. The back-ground to all this is unique. The sky-scrapers and the untidiness of America are left fifty miles behind on the mainland; and Nassau is so unbelievably tidy and clean that one might think that one had landed by accident at Willemstad, the swept and garnished capital

of Dutch Curaçao. Again, in the greatest contrast to the U.S.A., there is architectural symmetry, not the grand symmetry of the Place de la Concorde in Paris, but the miniature symmetry of a little English eighteenth-century colonial capital. Plans for new houses have to be submitted to the authorities; and the result is certainly an aesthetic triumph. The visitor from London can hardly get over the brand-new paint so much in evidence everywhere on every house, in every shade of blue and green and pink.

Kingston, Jamaica would be hard to beat as the ugliest town in the world; and it has not the tolerable public buildings which give a certain dignity to Glasgow. In fact, it has very few large buildings at all, worthy of the name. It was wrecked by an earthquake in 1907; so that the present-day town is an unappetising collection of Edwardian shack-like structures.

* * *

There are as many as seven hundred islands in the Bahamas Group alone; though only twenty of them are inhabited. Christopher Columbus first made land-fall on one of the remote 'Out Islands', San Salvador; and he never discovered the American mainland. The Bahamas have always been a kind of lovely spoilt child. The innumerable harbours were vastly convenient for English privateers and pirates who might prey upon the treasure fleets of His Spanish Majesty. Later, New Providence, the island upon which Nassau is set, was openly ruled entirely by pirates. Unkind folk say that this is an exaggeration, and that the pirates who once upon a time swaggered and swayed down Bay Street have been worthily followed by the mercantile community of today, known as the 'Bay Street Boys'. After piracy had ceased to be a first-class profession, the Bahamas got another windfall, owing to the outbreak of war between the Federalists and the Southern States; since their harbours became a valuable asylum for Southern shipping. This circumstance ended in impressing Americans in general with the great charm of Nassau, which has ever since been visited in the winter months by tourists bearing dollars.

* * *

There was to be, however, yet another windfall. One Volstead passed legislation whereby the sale of intoxicating liquor was prohibited in the United States. The harbours of the Bahamas then became the rendezvous of the 'rum-runners'; and the island government enriched itself by a tax on this traffic. Today, its comparatively quiet old-world beauty, to say nothing of its possession of the Empire's only gambling Casino, has made Nassau the Number One Smart Resort for the richest denizens of the U.S.A. The smallness of the town gives it a friendly intimacy. As I passed, the magistrate's court was in session, with the door open, and a friendly voice called out, 'Come in, Mister, and look around.' On entering the police station, next door, I found that the 'prison' was in the same room as that in which people will apply for motor licences and was just a few wooden bars in a corner, behind which some malefactors were sitting chatting to their friends. The Bahamian coloured folk take pride in not following the violence of the naughty Jamaicans; and they think that too much noise of that sort would drive away the tourists.

* * *

Large, hot, dusty Kingston is set in the most beautiful imaginable tropical surroundings, which are quite the popular idea of an eighteenth-century sugar island. Jamaica possesses luxury hotels like Nassau, but they are far away from Kingston, the hotels at Montego May being on the north-west coast of 'Cornwall', a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles, taking five hours on a beautiful, but tortuous road, or about the same time on the financially unsuccessful Government Railway.

I have never come across a place where more violently contrasting views are retailed about the general situation. Some will tell you that Bustamente, the very popular

labour leader is, if a radical, certainly not a Socialist; and that, after extorting reasonable standards of living for the workers, he is now co-operating in the most sensible fashion with the employers. Others insist that the negroes, who now have universal suffrage, are incapable of self-government. Some say that the world of today will always be a market for sugar, bananas and coffee; and that the Americans will never be able to satisfy their passion for tomato juice from their own resources, so there is an unfailing market there, despite the duty. Others point out that the bananas have been stricken with disease, and that, although a resistant type is being grown, tropical agriculture is always subject to hazards of this kind. 'Anyhow, banana-growing has made the natives lazier than ever—sugar has always had a sad history, and will probably continue to have one.' The United Kingdom takes the whole sugar crop, at present; but it is urged that it does not pay a fair price. In any case, sugar from Jamaica can never compete with sugar from Cuba, which is larger, and flatter, and whose sugar industry is closely linked with the most powerful United States interests. Further, the Cubans have a surplus of sugar, which can be dumped on the world's markets.

* * *

Enthusiastic Leftists, such as Mr. Driberg, M.P., return home horrified at the squalor of the coloured folks' dwellings. Mr. Gammans, Conservative M.P. for Hornsey, says that there is not so much that the United Kingdom Government can do about it. Incidentally, the Jamaicans were infuriated at a recent answer by Mr. Creech Jones, the Colonial Secretary, in the British House of Commons. He was asked what was being done about the Institute of Jamaica, which houses a unique collection of West Indian records and books, yet has no fire-proof room, and threatens to go up in flames any minute. Mr. Creech Jones replied that an appeal was being made, by which it was understood that a public appeal had been made to the Jamaican people. In point of fact, the only appeal was the request which the Jamaicans had made to Mr. Creech Jones.

* * *

There is no doubt that the people of Jamaica are suffering from unemployment. Yet whose fault is this? There could fairly be said to be an over-production of babies. It is averred that the coloured girls are too kind-hearted, and that it is not considered good form even to bring an affiliation suit. There has recently been talk of transferring workers to British Guiana and British Honduras. It is a fact that seventy-five per cent of the people are illegitimate, though this does not mean that Hogarthian immorality abounds; for very many of the coloured folk merely see no point in obtaining a marriage certificate.

The Governor found a woman living in one tiny room with five children. To her great surprise, he demanded 'Why did you have so many children?' To this she rejoined, 'What can I do? I have no husband, and I hope they will support me in my old age.'

* * *

It is pretty well true to say that the colour problem, as such, does not exist in Jamaica. The real problem in other parts of the world is, who amongst us is going to be the first to take a black wife? As far as Jamaica is concerned, this question was fortunately solved as soon as the British conquered Jamaica from the Spaniards in 1655, when inter-breeding began. The result is that it is the most old-established Jamaican families which are the most likely to have some coloured blood. Despite their poverty, the Jamaican coloured folk are usually gay and jolly, and courteous, compared with the negroes of the United States who are at present in a rather surly mood.

Jamaica is a laughing, carefree place, a little too carefree perhaps for this stern, would-be-practical modern age. Yet there should be little doubt that, with wise guidance, if this is forthcoming, Jamaica will be proud to remain a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TOURISM TO EUROPE

EDWARD BEDDINGTON-BEHRENS

TOURISM is Europe's largest export. Tourist traffic, as a practical alternative to gold, can most effectively help to close the dollar gap between the United States and the countries of the West. Gold is at present useful to us only because it can be turned into dollars, but with our enormous dollar debts, we cannot afford to import gold from overseas for our own use. A European country urgently requiring to import wheat, raw materials, petrol and plant, cannot afford to import gold in place of these basic commodities. It is for this reason that the flow of gold to the U.S.A. exceeds world production.

A practical alternative to the use of gold in settling an adverse balance of payment between countries is to increase tourist traffic to the debtor country.

If tourism's potentialities as a dollar-earner were vigorously exploited, it is estimated that the increased travel between America and Europe would provide a minimum of ten to fifteen per cent of the dollar deficit allowed for in the Marshall Plan. The U.S. department of Commerce has calculated that 'provided Transport and accommodation are available to meet demand . . . by 1951, if recovery continues, between 800 and 1,000 million dollars would be coming to Europe and the Mediterranean from the Tourist traffic alone.'

In 1948 approximately 250,000 Americans visited Europe, of whom 105,000 visited Great Britain. And this is only a fraction of the number of potential American travellers to Europe, granted more favourable travel and hotel facilities.

Tourist traffic, moreover, represents the ideal 'invisible' export, in that it does not deprive a country of raw materials. A large proportion of the money spent is for services rendered by the transport company and hotel industry to the individual tourist which, in terms of currency, represents a currency profit as high as ninety per cent.

What is more, tourist traffic greatly stimulates exports. Once a traveller has enjoyed the quality of something he has bought in the country of its origin, he will want to buy similar articles on his return home. Consequently, tourism provides not only a means of acquiring foreign exchange, but a most valuable advertising medium for a country's export market.

It is clear, then, that tourism has a vital part to play in European economy. But if it is to be an effective and practical ally in Europe's battle for dollars, its organisation must be both imaginative and international. There is no room for narrow and competitive national efforts. The whole problem must be considered as an integral element of the various plans now being initiated to ensure European recovery and not, as hitherto, as a profitable sideline in the economy of any individual country.

A European Travel Development Commission has recently been formed under the auspices of the E.O.E.C. Composed of

representatives from the various European countries, together with technical advisers from shipping and air services, travel agencies and hotels, and a U.S. Government representative, the Commission is already examining the four major problems involved.

These can be summarised as, first, co-ordinated 'Travel to Europe' propaganda in America; secondly, the co-ordination and increase of transport facilities; thirdly, the improvement of the present accommodation position and, lastly, increased travel within the European family.

'TRAVEL TO EUROPE' PROPAGANDA

Existing efforts on a modest scale by different European countries to advertise competitively their national amenities cannot make much impression on the American public. A combined, European propaganda campaign should be immediately initiated in the United States on the 'Travel to Europe' theme, perhaps linking the idea with the conception of European recovery.

Properly organised, the effect of this propaganda campaign would enormously increase the volume of American holiday-makers in Europe. It would also constitute fine propaganda to popularise still further the Americans' generous Marshall Aid to Europe.

This propaganda should be co-ordinated by the European Travel Development Commission, so that the flow of tourists is directed, as far as possible, where facilities are available. A first very modest step has been made in this direction for the 1949 season by the Joint Publicity Committee of the sixteen nations. It is a very modest step indeed, as only 120,000 dollars have been allocated for this purpose!!!

Once the American tourist has been persuaded to holiday in Europe, the problem of transportation presents itself.

TRANSPORT: BY SEA

A large number of American tourists will always prefer to travel by sea, considering the sea journey as an important element of their holiday. Americans are accustomed to, and consequently demand, a high degree of comfort and luxury during the journey. Tourists will put up with a degree of discomfort by air travel because of the short time factor involved, whereas discomfort on a long sea journey would only discourage potential visitors.

The accommodation on European ships rises from a capacity of 334,000 persons in 1949 to 398,000 persons in 1952. (This compares with a capacity of 281,000 in 1948 or a rise of forty-three per cent from 1948 to 1952.) In addition, there is accommodation on American ships for a further 100,000 passengers a year. This accommodation is not as luxurious as on European liners, and will eventually be replaced by accommodation on two large luxury liners now being built by the U.S. Government, and likely to be available in 1950–51. There is, therefore, an immediate capacity for carrying 434,000 persons to Europe in 1949, rising to 500,000–600,000 by 1951–52.

However, approximately seventy-five per cent of the North American tourist traffic takes place between the beginning of June and the end of September. This means that for the rest of the year tourist traffic is relatively small. Consequently, for financial reasons, it is not possible to maintain throughout the whole year the number of ships required for the short summer season. Even at present, without additional shipping, and taking into account winter cruises and repairs done during the off-season, there is an excess of total shipping capacity compared with yearly requirements.

In these circumstances shipping companies are reluctant to increase the size of their fleets. The cost of building a luxury liner is two or three times what it was before the war. This is a very high price when the increased costs of operations are taken into consideration, especially as it is usual to amortise such vessels over a 20-year period. The two American liners that have just been ordered are to be heavily subsidised, as they are to be constructed to act alternatively as troopship carriers in the event of war.

It should be emphasised here that one

Some Facts about Tourism

I. PRE-WAR: 1938

Number of foreign tourists to European countries in 1938:

Italy	3,982,995
Belgium	1,829,190
Switzerland	1,443,000
Austria	1,222,900
France	1,005,000
Great Britain	562,500

Number of American tourists in 1938:

Italy	122,000
Belgium	42,480
Switzerland	76,000
Austria	50,000
France	70,000
Great Britain	91,000

II. POST-WAR: 1948

1. Number of Foreign tourists to France and Britain:

France	*Britain*
1,900,000	448,582 (eight months only)

2. American tourists:

France	*Britain*
120,000 (eight months)	70,017 (eight months)

3. Dollar Earnings:

France	*Britain*
$28,000,000 (deval.?)	$60,000,000

State grants to tourist organisation—1948

France	*Britain*
£218,000	£300,000

III. ESTIMATES FOR 1949–52

1. Estimated numbers of U.S. tourists in 1949:

France	*Britain*
?	150,000 (plus Canadians)

2. Official (OEEC) target for 1952. Receipts:

France	*Britain*
?	£100,000,000 (1948, £40,000,000)

3. Official (OEEC) target for 1952. Numbers of:

France	*Britain*
3,000,000 (now 1,900,000)	?

large source of earnings of dollars for European countries is in the transport of tourists to and from the American continent. It is therefore undesirable for shipping to be subsidised to an extent that would prevent many of the existing European companies from continuing to operate on their present self-supporting basis. Such a system generally leads to corresponding steps being taken by other nations to protect their interests. The result would be to add an extra burden to the already-strained national budgets of the countries concerned.

One of the maritime problems facing the United States is that in peacetime it is not so easy to operate a very large American mercantile fleet on as economical a basis as in European countries, as the seaboard population in the United States has much greater economic opportunities than in Europe. Might not the solution be to have a certain number of ships built in Europe, operated by European companies and made available to the U.S.A. in the event of war, on sliding scale payments? This would provide a source of dollar earnings for Europe, without weakening American requirements in case of emergency.

BY AIR

The largest increase in the volume of tourist traffic over such long distances as the North Atlantic is bound to be by air. Compared with those who travel by sea, there is a much larger number of people who have not long enough holiday to undertake long sea journeys. And the time taken to cross the Atlantic nowadays is no longer than to fly from one part of the U.S.A. to another. Also, if a Government has to subsidise long-distance travel, smaller capital sums are involved with air transport than in building ocean liners.

It is estimated that North Atlantic flying routes will have a capacity for carrying 154,000 passengers to and from the U.S.A. in 1949, and this capacity will be considerably increased as new air services come into operation.

To develop tourist traffic, the necessary transport must be available, but the number of persons able to travel long distances also depends on the cost of travel. The present cost of air travel is approximately the same as that of sea travel. Certain airline companies have wanted to cut rates on the

North Atlantic air routes in the hope of recouping themselves by a large increase of passenger traffic, but this has been prevented by the operation of existing agreements. Should refuelling in the air become a possibility for commercial aircraft, the cost of air travel might greatly decrease in future.

ACCOMMODATION FACILITIES

Owing to conditions arising from the war, such as aerial bombardment, most European capitals have totally inadequate hotel facilities for accommodating guests from abroad. No permits are being given to build new hotels, and few adequately to modernise existing hotels, so that the standard of accommodation tends to be lowered, and accommodation becomes more restricted.

Expenditure to improve existing accommodation and bring it up to the standard required would produce a large export profit and should have priority over the provision of new hotels. In England, manufacturers are given an export quota, restricting their home production to a percentage of their export trade. A similar principle could be established with regard to new hotels, whereby a certain proportion of the accommodation is reserved for overseas visitors; extra food rations and priorities for other facilities might also be given to hotels *pro rata* to the amount of foreign exchange earned. The actual cost of imported food consumed by an American visitor is extremely small compared with his daily dollar expenditure!

Assistance under the Marshall plan on a large scale is being considered for the provision of further tourist accommodation. Apart from exceptional circumstances, additional hotel facilities should endeavour to provide good accommodation for travellers of medium incomes.

INCREASED TRAVEL WITHIN THE EUROPEAN FAMILY

I have endeavoured to show the importance of increasing tourist traffic between North America and Europe as a means of reducing the 'dollar gap' between the two countries. Surely the same principles must apply within members of the European family?

It is a part of the major policy of all European countries assisted by the Marshall Plan to pool their economic resources, so that the industrial and agricultural development of each national unit can benefit them all. The significance of such a policy must be the removal of barriers preventing free travel between nationals of these countries. This desirable objective cannot be wholly achieved owing to the temporary currency difficulties of certain countries. An immediate start can, however, be made between those countries where an increase of tourist traffic would assist in the balance of payments between them. This would be desirable in itself as well as furthering the general economic objectives of the Marshall Plan.

For instance, Great Britain is at present owed a much larger sum in French francs than France is able to repay by the export of goods to Great Britain. Surely it would be only logical to allow more British travellers to visit France for their holidays, and to permit them to acquire a much larger sum in foreign exchange (i.e. French francs) per head than in travelling to other countries, where similar conditions do not prevail.

Britain would be following logically what we are asking the U.S.A. to do. Instead of being owed money, which cannot, by force of circumstances, be repaid, British citizens would reduce the demand on goods and services in short supply at home by spending their holidays abroad. A country like France is given the opportunity of repaying what she owes, by services within her capacity of fulfilment.

Increased travel from the New World to Europe, and increased travel within the European family is desirable from an economic point of view. The greater value lies in removing restrictions to the freedom of the individual, and in providing an opportunity for the greater interchange of thought and culture between the liberty-loving peoples of the world.

One of America's liveliest authors concludes his investigation into the problems of the playwright with a typically 'Saroyan' remedy

Confessions of A PLAYWRIGHT

WILLIAM SAROYAN

I HAVE found a lot of fault with the procedure of getting a play produced, but there has been a lot of fault to find. The situation is in fact a good deal worse than I have so far pointed out in my previous article last month. A new development—without doubt the most offensive of all—is the try-out in a private home before an audience of potential backers, men and women who have money to invest. As I write, on the last day of September, 1948, this procedure has brought to New York over one million dollars' worth of plays: revues, musicals, farces, light comedies, fantasies, and serious dramas. So far only one of these productions appears to be scheduled for anything like a reasonable run. This procedure is in monstrous taste, besides being impractical. It makes a beggar of art and, if the custom continues, we shall certainly see more and more expensive productions whose sole object being to earn profits for backers must do one of two things: drive the backers back to stocks and bonds, or remove for ever from the presentation of plays all ease, all freedom, and all fun. To my mind it is much more reasonable for a playwright to inquire of a potential backer where he got his money, how he got it, how much he has, what he has done with it so far, what his purpose has been in accumulating it, and so on, than for the backer to ask the playwright to put over his play in the parlour. In short, it is more reasonable for money to go on trial before art than the other way around.

The Critics. There is little to be gained for the theatre in complaining that the drama critics exert a great deal of influence: they do, and that's the end of it. Few of the drama critics of the daily papers are, as a matter of fact, critics; they are reporters, and they are pretty good reporters. They tell their readers that a certain play has opened, and they say a few things about the event. Sometimes they talk about the plot of the play, if it has a plot, but almost invariably they comment on outstanding or inferior performances of certain players; the scenery is frequently described; the direction is discussed; the effect of the play on the audience, and its effect on the reviewer himself. Rarely is the play itself, as a play, as an entry in the playwriting sweepstakes, discussed. This is understandable. Readers of newspapers are not students of drama—they are people who expect to find out if a play is apt to appeal to them, or they are people who somehow enjoy reading about an opening, just as many people who are not in society like to read about the goings on in the social world. The newspaper reviewer's job is to write a review that will attract and keep daily readers. I have seldom had a haircut in New York during which the barber has not included among other topics the current theatre and remarked, 'I see

where another flop opened last night.' Few critics need to be taken seriously. Their standards are properly Broadway, or success, standards. They cannot be blamed for this. It would be silly for a morning tabloid reviewer to discuss drama seriously. But it is impossible not to take them seriously as *judges*, and, for good or bad, we must understand that every opening is a court trial. It does not matter that the decisions of the judges are only the equivalent of yes or no, thumbs up or thumbs down. In the event that the greater number of the decisions are yes, everyone specifically involved is pleased and proud and does not complain that the decisions were reached haphazardly and came to pass in a most mysterious and accidental manner; but if the greater part of the decisions are no, then, of course, everyone specifically involved believes it is time to clean up on the critics.

I believe I am the only American playwright and producer who complained when a play was praised. Of course, I was willing to complain only by word of mouth, as the saying is. I did not write a protest, but I wasn't fooled for a moment. Just as easily as the critics had for the most part said yes, they *might* have said no, and they said yes most haphazardly and for the least pertinent reasons. The play was *The Beautiful People* which I produced with my own money—$11,000, as I remember it. I personally guaranteed the play, and I had money gladly refunded to any who wished to have their money back—for *any* reason—no questions asked.

Is there anything sensible to be done about the power of the drama critics? It would appear to be in order to have the first performance of a play—the opening—reviewed by *every* practising critic. As it is, the magazine reviewers see the second performance, and certain reviewers for certain periodicals with limited audiences see later performances, if there are any. This is a foolish procedure. The same performance should be reviewed by all reviewers, so that a reasonable consensus of opinion may be immediately available to the management of the play; and for the purpose of having the more serious critics in the auditorium along with the newspaper reviewers. The management should arrange with the weekly reviewers to have copies of their reviews as soon as the reviews are written. In addition to this, certain individuals who attend the opening should be encouraged to write short reviews of the plays, for use by the management if the comments are favourable. Who should the management approach for such reviews? I would go about the matter thus: *every person* at an opening would be handed, with his programme, a card on which to write his opinion in one word, two, three, or as many more as space might permit. This should be followed by the person's name, age, address, profession, religion, political party, financial status, health, and opinion on the theatre in general. These cards would be deposited in one of many boxes placed in the theatre. The man who pays his way deserves to have his say. He is supposed to be the great critic anyway, and it would do no harm to make it possible for him to speak out at last. As the matter now stands, the theatre-goer is a sheep which hangs its head and follows the goats anywhere they happen to go.

UNDER the foregoing circumstances, how may the playwright do his work, maintain his integrity, and manage to survive economically? I have already remarked that I sometimes bet on the horses. I should like to enlarge a little on this. Horse-betters as such are generally regarded as fools, and it is proper to accept this view without embarrassment. They are especially foolish if they lose, and more often than not they do. But the virtue to the playwright of seeking to exempt himself from the urgent need of money by studying the races and occasionally making a bet is this: that it establishes more swiftly than any other activity the essential irrelevance and worthlessness of money, whether the sums involved are enormous or insignificant. This, in turn, re-establishes emphatically the profound relevance and worth of art, of integrity, of pride, of

indifference toward material success or failure. In short, it permits the playwright to work as hard as he is able to work on a play *for its own sake*. For he knows that, while it is not easy, it is nevertheless true that money as such, as money, *may* be abundantly obtained by so simple a process as believing one horse among eight or nine will run faster than the others, and backing up his belief with a bet. By the same token, he knows that much needed money may disappear that easily, too. Consequently, money by itself is seen to be so nearly meaningless as to be unworthy of any broader identification.

In other words, betting on the horse races gives the playwright the contempt for money which money must have in order for him to go about his work of writing plays in a free, proud, indifferent and sensible manner. It does not matter if he loses or wins, or loses more than he wins, or always loses and never wins. What matters is that he discovers, as he could discover by no other activity, that money is simultaneously phony and irrelevant, however profoundly it conditions the behaviour of man, distorts his real character, and upsets his life. This discovery is a basic requirement for the playwright, and for that matter for all men who are concerned about the achievement of meaning and right in the affairs of populations, nations, governments and cultural systems. The one world will obviously be one world only geographically until the horse-better's discovery that money is irrelevant becomes an accepted basic fact to those whose end in life seems to be to gather together as much of it as possible, whether individuals, corporations or governments. Why, for instance, is it acceptable for a government to maintain a Department of War and not maintain a Department of Art? The Army and the Navy do not have to bother their heads, so to speak, about the cost in money (or for that matter in lives) of any project, however experimental or even impractical: they just naturally get the money, which again brings home clearly the horse-better's intelligence of the irrelevance of money. No one, of course, has ever been able to understand or explain clearly why a government does anything.

The playwright, to continue and conclude, who expects to do his work with a free heart even though he has little money, must simply arrange his life in a way that will permit him to survive pleasantly without very much money. He must cut down expenses and still live as extravagantly as the richest man in the world, or as extravagantly as he likes. He must do without, but at the same time never want. If he does not even have the very small amount of money he requires, then of course he must think about the matter very carefully and perhaps do something about it. To beg in the street anonymously, as a man who is in need, I regard as more honourable than to beg in a parlour as a playwright. To borrow (from anybody) is also all right, for there is no man in the world who may not some day be able to pay all his debts. To gamble, however, is the best procedure of all, for it simultaneously reveals his contempt for an unsound and foolish economic system, and provides him with either a clearer picture than ever of the fierce rôle of money in the affairs of men, or with enough of the stuff itself to keep him going for a while.

William Saroyan Through Russian Eyes

'Mr. Saroyan acts the fool and imp, and in a farrago of pious balderdash and obscenity serves up the rankest reactionary ideas in the guise of a plea for universal love. He has a predilection for all sorts of degenerates, drunkards and prostitutes, and tries his level best to bring home to the reader that infantilism, stupidity and inability to think are the noblest of human traits. In *The Human Comedy* he preached spiritual tolerance to the Fascists during the second World War.'

Mr. Mendelson in Soviet Literature

New Look -

'Nothing is more remarkable in the study of

to pick out the dominating characteristics

remote and the difficulty of doing so with

In spring, 1947, Christian Dior presented the world with the 'New Look'. His was not the first full-scale fashion show since the war, but it was undoubtedly the most provocative, and its news value correspondingly high. In England, despite the apologia of the fashion houses, the immediate reaction was one of aggressive hostility, plus a strongly defeatist feeling, among women, that they must succumb in the end.

In September of the same year, Mass-Observation asked members of its National Panel of Observers[1] to describe their personal reaction to the New Look. A year later, in September 1948, *the same people* were asked to give a similar analysis of their feelings—to describe, and, if possible, account for, any observable changes of attitude. The double set of results shows the decline of initial antipathy and the building up of a favourable body of opinion. At surface level they yield some understanding of existing pros and cons: by implication, they indicate why an apparently inexplicable *volte-face* was achieved. A study of changing attitudes to a contemporary fashion change, *while it is still* a matter for dispute, does not solve the mystery of fashion, but at least it is an attempt to bring extra evidence into court.

BY SEX AND AGE

In 1948, resistance to the New Look is still very obvious. But opposition comes mainly from men over thirty-five. It is passive; on the whole, uninterested, and in no position to counter majority approval of New Look styles. The differences between 1947 and 1948 are considerable. In twelve months, two-thirds of both men and women under thirty-five have revised their opinions. Older women liked long skirts better from the beginning, but by 1948 the New Look has a majority of two to one in favour among *all* women, and also among younger men (who, it seems, conform very much to feminine pattern in matters of fashion). In 1947, seven out of every ten people were hostile—twelve months later, there are signs of acclimatisation even among the comparatively stable group of older men. Three out of every four men over thirty-five remain antagonistic, the remaining one in four admits, if grudgingly, more favourable views.

But this is the broadest picture. Unqualified approval is still rare among all but the very young. It is the New Look *silhouette* that is accepted—the long skirt, the rounded, feminine contours, while elaborations such as bustles, padded hips, even panniers, continue to draw heavy fire. New Look designs, in fact, have varied in silhouette—hobble skirts have appeared, for instance, in various fashion campaigns. Yet the outline that appeals—the silhouette that has imposed itself, is the tight-waisted, full-skirted style. This, for most people, is the New Look *in essence*.

The New Look has won its way, at least on the face of it, on aesthetic grounds. It is said to be pleasing to look at, charming, graceful, more feminine, a welcome change after drab austerities. Now that the style is no longer what one young teacher describes as 'a music-hall joke and sufficient provocation for serious feuds', the ground has been cleared for an unaccustomed assessment—the relation of clothes to the natural line of the body. This is the basis for the wide appreciation of 'the new, womanly look'—the tight bodice and the billowing skirts that entrance the young and unmarried, the longer skirts that win over the older women. And the style is comfortable as well as pleasing. Many middle-aged women feel, with this housewife, that:

'*the long skirt gives height and dignity and*

[1] Mass-Observation's National Panel is a predominantly middle-class group. Its members are drawn from all parts of the country

Old Theme

The cause of all the joy and trouble: Dior's 1947 sensation

fashion than the ease with which it is possible of a period if that period is sufficiently contemporary or almost contemporary modes'[1]

hides the ravages to her legs of age. The full skirt is always acceptable, as not only feminine but comfortable. It is a joy to the older woman to find dresses and coats with sufficient wrap. I am glad to see the short, skimpy skirt which disclosed the backs of knees and thighs, when stooping, or sitting, disappear.'

Men, equally, are glad to be spared the sights of 'the back of the knees', and are apt to suggest that 'for women with legs like this ( ) or this)(the New Look is a godsend!' The young man, susceptible to feminine fashions, sees the New Look world as a particularly interesting place—whether he is an office worker, rejoicing because:

'it is bringing into my vision a bevy of rather attractive females. I find that, when a woman dons the New Look rig-out, she has to go the whole distance and acquire all the necessary extras and the deportment to show her suit or dress to full advantage. This assures that a well-turned-out person brings some eagerly awaited glamour to an otherwise depressing world . . . '

or whether he is a student, reflecting that:

'women should look like women and not like young boys. It is pleasant walking through the town to college to see all the young women discarding their squarish fashions and wearing garments that let one see they have a curve here and there . . . '

The older man, who may have to buy the clothes, weighs advantage and disadvantage more carefully. 'I am,' says one of their number, 'dismayed by its expense—attracted by its novelty and flowing lines—think women foolish to hobble themselves in ultra New Look, but admire their desire to rid themselves of drabness.'

ANTIPATHIES

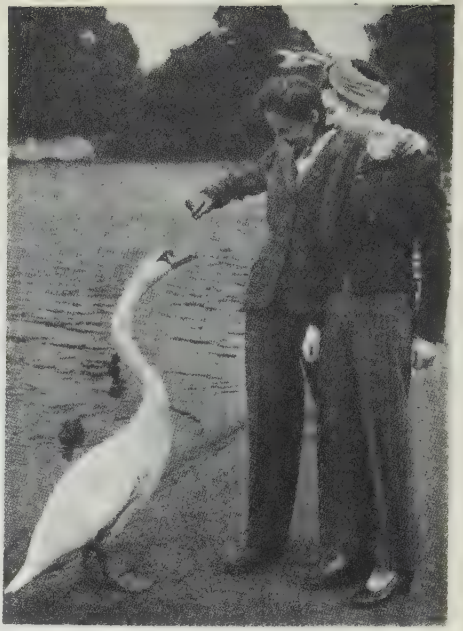
Opposition to the New Look is *not* primarily aesthetic, even while there are wistful memories of 'the women of these islands who looked very trim and healthy in their short skirts and their well-balanced and sensible costumes.' It is, above all, a concentration on waste, impracticability and the supposed dictator status of fashion houses. There is the typical plea from the housewife that:

'In my busy, poorish housewife's existence there is no room for the New Look. I can't bear long skirts flopping round as I dash up and down stairs and sweep crumbs with the hand brush off the floor.'

and from men and women alike, frequent criticism from:

'a purely utilitarian point of view. They are quite unsuited to modern use with their lengths trailing on omnibus stairs, and they use up too much material, which is disgraceful in our present economic state.'

[1] *Taste and Fashion.* James Laver



Wartime austerity: straight, tailored suits, turban scarves and slacks (to hide the lack of stockings)

Inevitably, perhaps, there are also innumerable references to 'trade ramps', the female's 'eternal desire for change', the willingness of women 'to be led like lambs to the slaughter at the dictates of a man they have never seen.' And there is, too, if rarely, a feeling that New Look fashions, leisured, expensive and restrictive, threaten the new-found emancipation of women. One man writes emphatically:

> '*It is Victorian. Whatever virtues the Victorian age has now lost to us, it had at least one fault which I have no wish to see resuscitated, the idea that it is "unladylike" for a woman to take part in active work outside her own home.*'

WEATHERCOCK

Perhaps it is this feeling which underlies the often bitter hostility to exaggerations of style. One woman in two, and one man in three, is still derisively critical of frills, bustles, sloping shoulders, exaggerated hiplines, indeed of anything suggestive of Victorianism. But there is a point of divergence. The Victorians, a century ago, accepted as their feminine ideal the small, plump woman, flounced, frilled and furbelowed. Today, there is general agreement that the *ultra* New Look is suitable only for the tall, slim woman.

More illuminating, possibly, than the plotting of pros and cons are the reasons people give for changing views. The first semi-hysterical reaction was partly due, it seems, to the exaggerated news value the fashion received. Antipathies were so strong, indeed, that even after a lapse of twelve months, women can still express:

> '*an extreme loathing for everything that touches on women's fashions. I am saturated and nauseated with conversations, articles in papers, advertisements, women parading the streets, all concentrating on the "New Look". It has become a mania, and all sense of proportion where the part that clothes play in life is swiftly disappearing.*'

In 1947, there were many similar condemnations, strongly emotional, strongly antagonistic. 1948 commentary is milder in tone; there has been time for introspection; language is moderated, changes accounted for, or, at any rate, rationalised; and there is a guilty, apologetic air about the more popular explanations of 'I've got used to it, so now I like it' or 'I've resigned myself.'

Most, perhaps all, fashions win their way into general circulation only when exaggerations have been pruned away. Opposition to

Post-war voluptuousness: frilled petticoats, peplum lined with taffeta, and the 'pregnant look'

the New Look has declined as the more elaborate styles have, to all intents and purposes, disappeared. 'My views,' says one woman characteristically, 'have changed in direct relation to the modifications in the New Look.' Other apparently valid reasons for changed views are the shortage of all but New Look designs in ready-made clothes, and the belief that the cut is less wasteful than it once seemed. But the *victims* of designer and manufacturer may also be fairly willing collaborationists. 'There is not much point in demanding out-of-date clothes', says one woman who complains that people are forced to buy what they do not really want. (They did not do so in the winter of 1939.) Another remarks that she:

> '*found all the better-designed clothes had the New Look, and all the old ones were the leftovers, so my new dress and skirt have the new length.*'

PROVINCIAL OPPOSITION

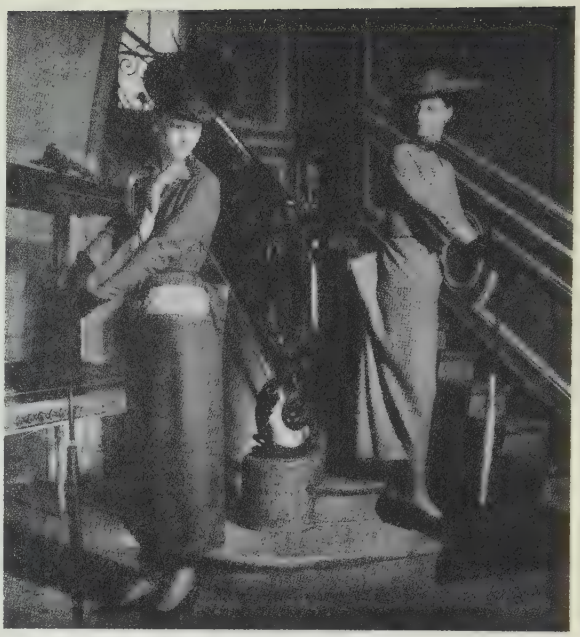
Those who, antagonistic at first, 'expected to become accustomed to the New Look and have done so' are only fashion's 'fifth columnists'.

It is older women, more convinced, perhaps, of the uselessness of withstanding fashion, who are least surprised by their change of attitude. Younger people sometimes seem quite genuinely amazed to find that their feelings are no longer as openly hostile. This young research worker, for instance, who was:

> '*violently against the New Look. But my feelings have certainly changed since then—a thing I never expected to happen.*'

or the office-worker, at first so openly antagonistic that she is now afraid to praise 'in case people think I am out of my mind!' The differences between stylised line in fashion magazines and its toning down on ordinary wearers has accounted for many milder judgments, and perhaps also for these. Today, opposition is still stronger, for instance, in the country and the provinces where the New Look is less often seen. The importance of 'common usage' in establishing fashion is particularly well illustrated in the weathercock tendencies of the man who writes:

> '*Reluctant though I am to admit, my attitude has swung round completely. At first, I would laugh openly and uproariously. Now I merely chuckle behind my hand. Quite seriously, I do think it is a case where common usage has changed my attitude.*'



1948. Taffeta rustles; hobble skirts become tighter; sophistication is complete as the New Look

RETURN TO FEMININITY

The New Look may soon be superseded by the *new* New Look. Some time hence, when the historical mould is set, it will be easy enough to see whether the styles of 1947–8 are in any legitimate line of fashion development. At present it seems possible that their legitimacy will be established. Fashion emphasis in 1939 was, after all, upon greater feminity, upon corsets and crinolines—women were being advised to cultivate the 'figure of eight which the new clothes demand';[1] and New Look femininity burst as explosively upon the world as if some vital force had been released under pressure. The future may well set the psychological dislocation in the war years rather than in the New Look furore of spring, 1947.

To be finally approved, a fashion must be emotionally satisfactory, and must reflect the trend of the times. The New Look Campaign, like all shock tactics, produced a shock reaction. On the face of it, it was not emotionally satisfying; and it certainly did not, in any obvious way, meet the necessities of the age. The new fashion was launched at the worst possible time economically—middle-class money was running short; clothes stocks were at their lowest, and coupons restricted. But this may have been the *best* time, psychologically. The New Look was the symbol of a more decorative, more leisured, more feminine way of life—if anything, it over-emphasised, almost caricatured femininity. The hostility it evoked in a world accustomed to masculine and utility-values and to uniforms (even the civilians had a uniform of slacks, flat shoes and turbans) may well have been the measure of pent-up frustrations.

GENERAL ADOPTION

Most people say now that they like the New Look because it is more feminine. This was not the reason most commonly advanced for a 1948 change of attitude—familiarity, resignation, modifications in style, were all more popular. But most other explanations resolve at last into a variation on the femininity theme. There are women who, like this housewife, 'love the feminine appearance of the New Look' and 'like it *better* now that I have been able to make myself one, and have been given one.' Her original feelings were not *anti* New Look,

[1] Lachasse

reaches the 'lowest' point. After this, according to some prophets, it is likely to rise again in 1949

but fears of inadequacy. There are other women who like the New Look better as it becomes 'cheaper to wear and almost the same price as other clothes.' It was the supposed expensiveness of the fashion that was resented, not the fashion itself. The element of panic in 1947 censure very clearly derives from feelings such as these. War had minimised the competitive character of clothes, and now competition threatened to revive when any desire for femininity must be superimposed on the background of cost of peacetime living.

It would be fanciful, perhaps, to see in the entire controversy suppressed femininity struggling for expression. Even when a dress can be advertised as having 'that fashionable pregnant look', and there is evidence in such comments as these that feminine fashions were anticipated:

> '*this is much more becoming to all women with a really feminine figure—I have been waiting for it for a long time, and I am glad it is here at last.*'

Nevertheless, the evidence is worth considering. Few authorities have conceived of clothes as utilitarian in purpose, and to seek for 'common sense' explanations of any fashion is probably futile. It may appear to some people that the New Look 'never had a practical value at all'; but was it intended to have a practical value? It may seem ridiculous that 'so many women are such nit-wits that they blindly obey the dictates of a few so-called fashion designers'; but there are many instances of fashions failing to register if they do not meet the emotional needs of the time. Again, it may seem undesirable that 'women are striving for equality with men, so they can't really be willing to dress themselves in these silly, crippling things.'

NEW FEMININITY

But perhaps the fashion barometer is registering a subconscious move in another direction. Criticisms such as these all hesitate on the perimeter of the subject; and in the end it is only the implicit or explicit accent on femininity, 'womanliness', grace, fragility, charm, that is central and inexplicable, save in terms of itself. The New Look may be femininity 'writ large'. But the hypothesis it poses is widely accepted and acceptable, and the 'masculine, capable, efficient, strong-willed female' is, so it seems, about to be *out of fashion.*

Profiles in

The answer was weighty

BARBARA WARD

Brilliant Economist

PEOPLE have a way of only half believing what they hear about Barbara Ward. They are told that she is an intellectual acrobat, a brilliant economist and a person who knows a great many answers. So, when they meet her, they ask difficult questions, or else they are suddenly awed by her mixture of very feminine charm and quiz-kid look, like that American reporter who once asked her: 'Please say something weighty.' Miss Ward obliged. 'The cost of world order,' she said, 'is the cost of American full employment. Think that one over.' By the time the reporter had stopped looking at her wavy auburn hair and her smiling eyes, he had forgotten it.

She is a highly intelligent woman whose crystal-clear mind does not play tricks or stunts, but puts facts in their proper pigeon-holes, all neatly classified and labelled, and remembers them. She is not stuffy or donnish, wears good, simple clothes which suit her, and will talk as readily of opera as of Western Europe's economic problems.

Born in Felixstowe, the daughter of a solicitor, she went to a convent school, then to the Sorbonne, Jugenheim and Oxford, where she took honours in Modern Greats.

The Economist's Assistant Editor, and one of the B.B.C's Governors, Miss Ward has travelled and lectured in Europe and the U.S. She lives in a small, book-lined flat in Chelsea. She is a 'believer in planned economy, with more thought for the contents of policy and its purpose than for its structure.' Not perhaps a profound thinker, she is better at explaining and delineating problems than at formulating new conceptions. What she calls her 'horrible facility with words' has convinced many a layman that he must stop borrowing dollars and hew more coal.

The weather was bracing

WILLIAM BUTLIN

Holiday King

WHEN, on these bright May mornings, loudspeakers blare out a too-cheerful 'Waky-Waky' to recumbent thousands at Skegness, Clacton, Filey, Pwllheli, Ayr and Mosney, 'The Nation's Host From Coast to Coast', Mr. William Edmund Butlin will be beginning his thirteenth season as Britain's most amazing, terrific and supercharged millionaire. And it promises to be a bumper season, even better than last year, when he took half a million customers away from the seaside landladies.

His story has made both the Stock Exchange and business analysts gurgle pæans of praise. He alone found out that one crucial fact: that the British people only enjoyed themselves in a crowd. He has taken them in hand, turned them inside out, made them laugh at themselves and others. From the time when he had a hoop-la stall, he has known what makes them tick. Then, he made his rings too big. The customers walked away with the prizes. Billy Butlin walked away with the customers. From there to Skegness (it's so bracing!), his way was paved with bright ideas.

Strangely enough, the country's most successful stuntman needs a press agent himself. Billy Butlin, small, plump, and looking like the other fellow, is rather shy, especially with women, and, though gay, has none of the fair-ground barker's stentorian ballyhoo.

His parent company, which runs hotels, playgrounds, building firms, amusement arcades, etc., is worth £8,000,000. He personally is worth half of that. He has a mansion in Hampstead with tennis courts and 150 old masters. He owns seven suits, one for each day, ten private planes and four cars. Day after day, ideas bubble out of Butlin. Currently, he is running hotels for dollar millionaires in Bermuda.

Miniature

GEORGE ORWELL

Honest Author

The voice was lonely

ONE battle which Eton lost on its own playing-fields was for the soul of Eric Blair, better known to the world as George Orwell. The *Enemies of Promise* who laid their hold on his contemporary, Cyril Connolly, could not touch this taciturn youth with a turn for the pungent phrase.

Son of a Burmese frontier official, he went from Eton to the Imperial Indian Police, until he tired of being 'the instrument of reaction'. After *Those Burmese Days*, he was for a time *Down and Out in Paris and London* and intellectually a Socialist. But he was no proletarian-worshipper as *The Road to Wigan Pier* showed, nor a Stalin idolator as both *Homage to Catalonia* and the *Lion and the Unicorn* demonstrated. Russia, in in fact, was a mere *Animal Kingdom* in which 'all pigs are equal, but some are more equal than others.' This biting satire earned him the title of 'the most honest author of our time', and made him a lonely rebel.

A vicious controversialist, a clique-hater (when he was Literary Editor of *Tribune* its contributors came from all the clashing *avant-garde* schools), a brilliant essayist and a tireless pamphleteer, Orwell is tall, stooping, his eyes sunken and compassionate. A sick man, he now lives on the island of Jura. Journalism has lost him.

It is a gain to more permanent literature. His new novel, *1984* (a terrifying portrait of England under totalitarianism) shows no loss in style: the biting earthiness of his prose remains. Already granted the dignity of a uniform edition, his works are a vivid record of spiritual development, as honest and masculine as it is subtle. Englishmen who care for justice and their native tongue can be thankful that Eton lost its battle. A revolutionary and a patriot at the same time, Orwell has emerged as England's voice of Indignation.

STRASBOURG

The Chosen City

The changes were many

TO choose a capital for Europe depends on what you mean by Europe, as Professor Joad might say. If it is the truncated and weakened western half of the continent, then Strasbourg is a better place than most.

A beautiful, largely mediæval city, a stone's throw from the Rhine, it is a place where two cultures have met for centuries, usually in their less sane moments, and with arms near at hand. Gutenberg lived there for ten years when the city was semi-independent. Then it became German. Louis XIV seized it in 1681 and struck a medal bearing the legend *Clausa Germanis Gallia*, Gaul closest to the Germans. It saw the birth of the *Marseillaise*. Prussia captured it in 1871 and the Kaiser built a palace there. In 1918 it reverted to France amidst whoops of nationalistic fervour. The main square reflects Strasbourg's changes of nationality: it has been called *Place des Carmes*, then *Place des Cordeliers*, *Place d'Armes* and *Paradeplatz*. It is now *Place Kleber*. It may yet change its name again.

In Strasbourg, they say, everything is German except the heart of the people. Though ancient, Strasbourg, with its 200,000 inhabitants, is no museum piece. Its air of well-rooted gentility is mixed with the bustling activity of a great river port; it has a magnificent *Munster*, begun in the eleventh century, and also ugly warehouses. The whole is basked by the incredibly mellow Alsatian sun.

Standing at the head of the famous Kehl bridge, Strasbourg has many places large enough to house the Council of Europe, especially if they persist in keeping out opposition parties. Strasbourg may not unite Europe, but it might well succeed in uniting France and Germany. Even that would be no mean achievement.

A Sunday Walk between the Rubble Heaps of St. Lo

THE HAUNTED LAND

A JOURNEY THROUGH NORMANDY

ROBIN KING

THE idea of travelling to any country, one would think, is to get away from all that one has known, to kill the past under the explosive stimulus of new sights and sounds; yet some towns, which are tourist centres, meet one with the caricatured versions of all the habits one has so carefully left behind. Thus, French places such as Wimereux, or Boulogne, or Calais are terrible revelations of what a few determined visitors can do to a place. Wimereux in particular, one feels, should take out English nationality, for, in everything but name, it is a part of the British Isles. Here the French language is forgotten; the long, narrow strip of beach facing the greasy Channel resembles Margate on Bank Holiday, and the string of boarding-houses are filled with elderly spinsters drinking tea or talking dejectedly to their spaniels. There are palm trees in the 'lounge' and a smell of cabbage in all the corridors, and at night, in the bar, decorated with heather and streaks of faded tartan, one can be certain of finding an over-effusive Scotsman serving the drinks. The hours pass heavily, laden with boredom, like an English Sunday; but more dangerous, as far as the French way of life is concerned, is the evening meal eaten in silence in an ugly dining-room (with a little red wine to make

it different from Dover) and the business of going to bed at nine o'clock in the evening to read yesterday's *Daily Mail*. One feels the torpor of the place, the deadly gravity of its amusements, the horror of its signs—Ye Olde English Tea-shop, Grille Anglais, Jock's Bar—creeping over one like the beginning of a cold.

Watching the innumerable excursions setting off for the various 'sights' (the German guns on the hill, the day trip to Boulogne, or a daring week-end dash to Paris), I thought of Guy de Maupassant's outburst about guide-books and their devotees: 'There is one thing and one thing only,' he wrote in a moment of melancholy, 'which spoils these charming excursions for me and that is reading a guide-book.' He hated the idea that his beloved Normandy should become 'the consolation of drapers travelling by excursion train', and added, on a note with understandable asperity, that these books were filled 'with odious and always false descriptions'.

Yet once one has got away from the haunts of the day visitor from Dover, Normandy becomes a strange field of exploration. Unlike the gaiety of the south, or the rich silence of Burgundy, Normandy strikes you as a sad and wistful place under its heavy clouds. It has the wild winds, the bent trees, and the stormy seas so much loved by Chateaubriand. Arras, in particular, is heavy with something indefinable. It gives you the feeling that every square inch of space, every cubic centimetre of its atmosphere, contains some human problem, some furtive anguish, like soil that is exhausted through over-cultivation. It is the sort of feeling you get in a haunted house—a feeling that the living are hemmed in by those who have passed their lives violently. Certainly, as you wander round the town, past the simple red-brick houses pock-marked with bullet holes, past the black cathedral in the square, round which a cold wind is always blowing, past the barefooted children in the streets, the gloomy cafés and the sooty gardens, the impression of horror grows more distinct. But it is not until you get outside the town, and wander among the acres of graves which stretch like cornfields as far as the horizon, that you discover that in Arras there have always been more dead people than living. The town itself has a population of thirty thousand, whereas the graves harbour some hundreds of thousands of dead bodies—Germans, English, Frenchmen. This simple fact is more eloquent than any list of famous battles.

The fields were hushed and austerely silent, and automatically I lowered my voice as I spoke to a grave-digger. 'How many?' I asked, appalled by such an overwhelming reminder of mortality, 'how many?'

'Seventy thousand, Monsieur,' the man said. He spoke with the spirited good humour, and a touch of pride, of one used to exhibiting goods that were uniquely his. Then his face clouded and he pointed to another and larger cemetery in the distance: 'But over there,' he said angrily, 'over there, monsieur, is my rival, an awful man, a *sallou*, whom you'd be advised not to approach. *He* has a *hundred* thousand, Monsieur. It isn't fair. Why should he be given a larger number than me, Monsieur?'

It was an odd point of view, but I nodded sympathetically. When I started to walk down the narrow path between the ornate crosses, he was clipping the short grass on the graves with the air of a master-barber putting the finishing touches to a head, and he was singing a strange song which went like this: '*La vie est belle, mais la morte est plus drôle encore. . . .*' He was evidently a man who took his *métier* seriously.

I often thought of his little wax Imperials and red, unhappy eyes as I drove past all the signs of fury and carnage on the cold northern road to Dunkirk. On either side of the road the trees were like members of a petrified forest: the dead trunks, stripped of their branches (though now, some years later, a few green shoots are beginning to appear), stood up against the tawny horizon, and everywhere one saw the inevitable shells of houses and pools of water. Even nature seemed to have recoiled at the fury which passed over these fields, for there was

little sign of recovery. It was like the story one was told as a child: the wind had changed at a moment when the landscape had worn its most terrible and ugly expression, and so it had remained. Yet the people who live here—the peasants in their old clothes and sabots, carrying baskets on their backs, their faces lined and suspicious, who are all recognisable types from the pages of Maupassant—whom one sees walking up the road against the wind, seemed unchanged and indifferent to what has been.

One's first reaction was to get away, far away from this feel and smell of death (it seemed impossible to think of anything else in this particular region, for it cried out from every stone and blade of grass; it impregnated the atmosphere like a fog), but every town was like a place struggling back to life after a tidal wave. The people seemed to move down the streets in a trance, as if only habit was pushing them along, as if life had been so much of a dream for so long that now there was no distinction between the forms conjured up before one's mind's eye at night and everyday reality. Even the children seemed old and deliberate for their age; they had peaked, knowledgeable faces and haunted eyes; their bodies were thin from undernourishment, and they no longer laughed spontaneously or played childish games. They had seen the angel of death before they had learned that Father Christmas was a pleasant fiction. But what is most terrible about these war waifs of France and Italy and Sicily is their complete knowledge of sexual functions. In place of cinemas or picture-books, they had seen the soldiers debauching in the fields, heard drunken women singing down the streets, and had witnessed unheard-of sights. One child of ten I shall always remember: he had been praising the merits of a dancing-girl who had visited the village, and when he had finished, he said: 'I loved her and I wanted her, Monsieur.' Then, pathetically he added, 'But I was too small, Monsieur, too small. . . .' He spoke like an old man to whom such things were beyond recall.

It was strange enough by day, but at night, when the wind howled outside the shutters of the hotel we were staying in, the region became more decidedly sinister. At best, St. Omer, which is 242 kilometres from Paris, is one of those forgotten and unfortunate towns on the edge of France which one only comes across through a breakdown or by accident. One cannot imagine that one would ever go there by choice. Yet, for the traveller who is exploring the industrial areas of the north—those coffin-like towns which Zola, in *Germinal*, painted with such accuracy—it is the only haven in a world of coal-mining and steel manufactures which seems to offer any form of refreshment. Even so, of the three hotels listed in the *Guide Michelin*, only one was open, and the owner seemed somewhat dazed and startled that anyone should have come to demand rooms. He spoke a strange French—a mixture of Flemish and northern argot—and was obviously unprepared for visitors. It was a Sunday; there had been one of those lightning strikes which had cut off our supply of 'gauloise' cigarettes, and there were no towels, hot water, drink, or much in the way of food. We spent a dismal evening sitting in the dining-room (which was so cobwebbed and disused that it reminded me of Miss Faversham's 'salon' in *Great Expectations*), eating boiled eggs and listening to the conversation of three stranded motor-cyclists who had come up from Nice in a lightning storm. Every now and then the conversation would be suddenly broken up by the terrifying sounds of unearthly howling outside the windows; it was as if wolves had surrounded the place and were baying at the smell of blood. Unpleasant though it was, no one mentioned it until I got hold of the owner of the hotel as he rushed down the dark corridor.

'Ah,' he said, with a faint smile, 'they are man-eating dogs.'

'Man-eating dogs,' I repeated with a shiver; 'what on earth for?'

'They are trained to kill,' the man said with relish; 'the Germans had them to chase down the Maquis. I took them over to be protected.'

He smiled a foolish, unconvincing smile, and I got the impression that both the owner and the strange hotel were all a little mad; but late that night, as I leaned out of my window and stared into the big carriage square which lay below me, I saw the slinking, ferocious forms of three of the biggest animals I have ever seen in my life. The moonlight was so clear that I could see their tongues protruding from their white teeth. For some time I watched them in fascination (they were let loose in the house after midnight, we were told), then there was the sound of a door opening somewhere and I saw the dark silhouette of the owner moving far below me against the light. He threw the dogs great chunks of meat, each the size of a joint for five people, and talked to them with the endearments one normally reserves for small children one loves. It was not a little unlike those strange inns in the remotest districts of Provence where, it is reputed, visitors are murdered in their beds and thrown down a ravine on to a pile of skeletons. (Such a place was discovered, within living memory, by the French police in some far-off mountain region.) The atmosphere, at least, could not have been more weird, or more suitable, as a background, for dramas of that kind.

YET, strange though this hotel was, with its dark atmosphere and brooding memories of the war, there were others between St. Omer and Annecy which made one believe once more that the arts of living had not been forgotten. Avallon, for instance, in Burgundy, where, in the Hotel Poste, one finds one of the best-known hotels in France; here, after travelling hundreds of miles through countryside that is as rich with mediaeval memories as an ancient ballad, the exquisite cooking of another world met our eyes. The atmosphere in the small, discreet dining-room was as hushed as in a cathedral; in the centre of the room the head waiter went through the elaborate ritual of choosing a meal—*escargots de Bourgogne, Jambon chaud à la chablisienne*, or *petites pièces de volaille fourrées cuites en pâté*—like a high priest at an altar. Brandy flames in brass bowls leapt from under his thin white hands; extraordinary creations of sugar and cream appeared and disappeared; while around him, grouped in a reverend circle, stood the lower orders of the strange hierarchy, the waiters and the boys, who each had a part to play in the celebration of the midday meal. It was a pathetic sight to find, among the elderly French barons and their stout wives who were eating mountains of pink prawns, a few English travellers eyeing their plates with the guilty, scared expression of somebody about to commit mortal sin. With every mouthful, it seemed, their faces twitched nervously; and, as course followed course, and the afternoon wore away, they struggled unhappily with a plate of truffles as though convinced that nothing, now, could save them from eternal damnation.

Perhaps it is a symptom of the age that pleasure is no longer natural or taken for granted; like vice, it can only be enjoyed in small, furtive doses in a foreign land. Certainly Annecy is no place for those with a conscience. On its lake, surrounded by tall mountains, Annecy, in the Haute-Savoie, has always attracted those with gargantuan appetites. Balzac, chasing Madame de Castries as far as Aix-Les-Bains, paused and looked at the Lake which had brought solace to the tortured mind of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Did the author of the *Comédie Humaine* stare at the distant prospect of Mont Blanc, or think of the three dozen oysters with which, on occasions, he had been known to start a meal? Annecy has changed with the times since those days. Its foreign visitors explore the ethereal beauties of the mountains and the wild areas of pinewoods on nothing more substantial than a packet of sandwiches and a bottle of hastily bought *vin ordinaire*. For a time, Annecy was the focal point of the nineteenth century. Maupassant found pleasure here, and a change of scene from his Normandy settings; Taine lived loftily in a world of philosophy. But now, in the middle of the twentieth century, it is a sad reminder of a glory that is all but gone.

Days with STANISLAVSKY

EUGENE K. ILYIN

FIFTY years ago, with the founding of the Moscow Art Theatre, a striking change took place in the whole outlook of the theatre, in Europe and all over the world. As Shakespeare, by his creation of a new and living drama, destroyed the pseudo-classical survivals of his own time, so Stanislavsky, with his new vision of a creative theatre, destroyed the pseudo-realistic presentation of drama which held sway in the theatres of Europe.

I was privileged to witness the first real activities of the Moscow Art Theatre, which today celebrates its fiftieth year of existence. When I was a boy, someone gave me a ticket for a matinée performance of Maeterlinck's 'Blue Bird'. I was innocent of all theatrical tradition and craft, but in my blood, as in that of all young people, was a natural liking for the stage. From that moment, however, something entered into my mind and into my blood that turned the passive liking into an absorbing passion. The modest house in the Kammersky Street became the temple of a deity who demanded my whole allegiance. Every spare moment and every spare penny were spent in that amazing theatre before the grey curtain with its stylised sea-gull in flight.

After two or three years, it was not enough for me to watch its marvels from the front. I wanted to see the miracle in creation, even though I was afraid of losing what I thought were my illusions. How easily the taste of a luscious meal can be spoiled when one sees its preparation in an unsavoury kitchen. And the character which common report gave to the people of the theatre was equally unsavoury. But how wrong were the moralists who imputed to the artists of the theatre, vices and excesses which had no existence, except in the festering minds of the moralists themselves! Through the years that followed I saw people working with a devotion that is accorded only to the service of a religion.

It is difficult, in a short time, to give an account of the thorny path they followed on the way to perfection, but their goal was nothing less. It was not the roses and the compliments showered on them that compensated these people for their heroic struggles, but the knowledge that they had demonstrated to the world the fact that perfect beauty in art is not a happy accident. They proved that it could be achieved by unremitting work and care. Natural beauty may startle for a moment, but each manifestation is accidental, fleeting and evanescent. The perfection of art is imperishable, even that of the theatre, because what has been done once can be done again. Hard work can eliminate the flaws and heighten the beauties of artistic creation, as the people of this theatre showed.

But of course hard work alone is not enough. The work must be guided by knowledge and an unerring sensitivity. This Stanislavsky brought to the work of the Moscow Art Theatre.

In the past, Art in its perfection was the creation of one artist, or of one artist in

charge of craftsmen: but in his theatre Stanislavsky combined the work of many artists and gave to the work of a composite team the jewelled perfection of finish and design that were formerly possible only to the individual artist. Stanislavsky's novelty consisted in his conception of the play as the single and indivisible creation. It stood or fell, made its appeal, or failed to make it, as a single thing. This was the secret of the tremendous emotional impact that his work made upon his audiences.

It may not sound startlingly original, but it had not been done before. Always, the leading actor or actors had imposed their conception of the play upon the rest of the cast, with disastrous effect upon the unity and design of the drama. The public were used to this and were content to see their favourites making a Roman holiday out of an author's work. But Stanislavsky changed all that. The players who entered the Moscow Art Theatre left behind them the prejudices and traditions of the older theatre. There was no recognition or deference for personal importance or fame; in a word, there were no stars. Actors who were famous throughout Russia for their playing of leading roles in the classics were content to play for Stanislavsky the most minor parts, as the great leader himself often did.

EVERYONE in the theatre was passionately interested in the minutest details of the work. The first time I saw one of their rehearsals, I was amused by what I afterwards found to be the usual procedure. The play in rehearsal was Knut Hamsun's 'Grip of Life'. Only about six people were actually rehearsing, but the whole of the large repertory company was present and followed the acting with absorbed attention. Next to Stanislavsky himself sat the stage electrician, and all about were the carpenters, the scene shifters, the dressers and the prompter. They felt that it was their theatre, too. Yes, it was indeed their theatre. Everyone felt that his work was an important part of the whole creative action and that it was essential that it should be done to the very best of his ability. It was this feeling, and the consequent harmonious work, that made the theatre the world's wonder it afterwards became.

It was soon clear to me that the chief elements of this great living unity were, first, Stanislavsky the producer, the inspired amateur with his new vision; then Nemirovich Danchenko, the playwright of the Imperial Theatre, who contributed his knowledge and experience of acting techniques; then the Company, which lent itself to their guidance, and finally the author on whom they concentrated their vision, their technique, their acting skill. Yes, yes, the nowadays—almost forgotten author! Not for them the barbarous cuts, the futile interpolations, the hasty rearrangement of the script. They demanded the best of an author: when they found it, they gave of their best. The author was the cherished infant of the Moscow Art Theatre. All their skill was lavished upon his work that it might live, and more, and their attention and devotion upon himself that he might grow in artistic stature and produce great work.

How did they do this? First of all, Stanislavsky and Nemirovich Danchenko read the play carefully as an acting script. They seized upon the central idea: any scenes or speeches which were difficult to produce or which confused or retarded the action were marked. Then the author was called and, with his always willing co-operation, the piece was altered. Thus, the talented young author was given the most valuable education possible: the insight into the actual problems of production which his creation must meet, and which it must conquer, if it was to be that most rare of all works of corporate Art—a successful and satisfying play. And the authors responded to this treatment. The greatest writers in the world were glad to trust their work and their reputations to the judgment of Stanislavsky.

I saw at rehearsals such authors as Maxim Gorki, Emile Verhaeren, Leonid Andreyev, Knut Hamsun and Maurice Maeterlinck. I was *not* fortunate enough to see Tchekov, although the Moscow Art Theatre was known at the time as 'Tchekov's Theatre' because he was the first author to be cherished and produced in the Stanislavsky manner. His play, 'The Seagull', which was a humiliating failure at its production in St. Petersburg, became a great success when handled by the Moscow Art Theatre. Further point is given to this incident when we remember that 'The Seagull' was produced in St. Petersburg at the Alexandrinsky Imperial Theatre, with a cast of deservedly famous

actors and all the resources of that rich institution, while the Stanislavsky group had only unknown players and very few resources at all.

I have heard that Anton Tchekov was reluctant to venture a second production of the play which had failed so hopelessly at its first: but Nemirovich Danchenko and Stanislavsky between them restored his confidence, first in himself and then in his play. Here is a letter from Nemirovich Danchenko which reads:

'Today we read your "Seagull" twice over. If you had been with us, you would have begun immediately to write another play. You would have heard the excited comments, have seen the growing interest, the nervous attention, the intense absorption it caused, and you would have loved yourself as today we all love you for your talent, for the delicacy and the sensitiveness of your soul. We are planning, we are discussing the half tones, the modulations which we will have to achieve in the production. I have never been so much in love with your talent.'

In another letter he writes: 'The success of "The Seagull" is the goal of my own artistic ambition.'

I think I have said enough to show this theatre's care and concern for its authors, and why every serious writer was proud to have his work produced there. In the fifty years of its existence, no play was ever a flop as far as the front of the house was concerned: but I have often seen behind the stage the worried and discontented faces of producer and actors, who were not satisfied that they had done their best. This unremitting desire to excel even themselves was the motive power behind the company's artistic achievement.

The devoted interest given to Tchekov by the Stanislavsky theatre was not given simply because he was a Russian author: the same care was given to every writer who stimulated the producer's creative mind. Neither Stanislavsky nor Nemirovich Danchenko would have dared to produce a foreign author without previously studying the national and cultural background of the work. First came the translation, which was entrusted always to a man known to be both a linguistic and a dramatic authority. No cheap hack-work, no approximate translation would do! Then, instead of a quick perusal of geographical magazines, a responsible staff would be sent to the country concerned to study its life, manners and customs. The presence of the foreign author was always requested at rehearsals and his opinion was the deciding factor. I remember how Maeterlinck, after seeing a rehearsal of the 'Blue Bird', said in a sort of stupefied wonder, 'I did not know that I had written such a beautiful play.'

I have heard it said that Stanislavsky was afraid to produce a Shakespearean play. That may be so: he was, I believe, afraid to produce any play, but that shows only the greatness of his modesty and not of his incapacity. Yes, Stanislavsky found Shakespeare a hard nut to crack. For him and for Nemirovich Danchenko, the sworn enemies of the melodramatic, with its exaggeration of gesture and effect, it was a difficult task to adapt the large sweep of Shakespearean drama to their own delicate and intimate method. As Danchenko said, there are whole passages in Shakespeare, which, for that company, were impossible to deliver without a sense of falsity and strain. And 'Hamlet' could not be produced without them. So he called in Gordon Craig, the son of Ellen Terry. Craig had then a great reputation in Russia. He became the artistic producer of the Theatre's 'Hamlet', and he transferred into the Russian language the exquisite precision of the Terry diction. The disputes between Craig and Stanislavsky were many and violent, but from this strife in collaboration was born what I believe to be the perfect production of 'Hamlet'.

I wish my readers could see a transcript of the material about the production of 'Hamlet', and particularly the discussion between Craig and Stanislavsky. They would then have some idea of the scrupulous care which this theatre gave to its productions of Shakespeare. Work on 'Hamlet' was begun in 1909, and it was not until 1911 that it was produced. It was worth the work and the waiting.

Shakespeare was indeed a hard nut for Stanislavsky, but then, what was his aim? Listen to his own words:

'I could weep when I think that I will never be able to produce Shakespeare as I

(*Continued on page 80*)

1984 AND NEWSPEAK

GEORGE ORWELL

NEWSPEAK was the official language of Oceania and had been devised to meet the ideological needs of Ingsoc, or English Socialism. In the year 1984 there was not as yet anyone who used Newspeak as his sole means of communication, either in speech or writing. The leading articles in *The Times* were written in it but this was a *tour de force* which could only be carried out by a specialist. It was expected that Newspeak would have finally superseded Oldspeak (or Standard English, as we call it) by about the year 2050. Meanwhile it gained ground steadily, all Party members tending to use Newspeak words and grammatical constructions more and more in their every-day speech. The version in use in 1984, and embodied in the Ninth and Tenth Editions of the Newspeak Dictionary, was a provisional one, and contained many superfluous words and archaic formations which were due to be suppressed later. It is with the final, perfected version, as embodied in the Eleventh Edition of the Dictionary, that we are concerned here.

Newspeak was founded on the English language as we now know it, though many Newspeak sentences, even when not containing newly created words, would be barely intelligible to an English-speaker of our own day. Newspeak words were divided into three distinct classes, known as the A vocabulary, the B vocabulary (also called compound words) and the C vocabulary. It will be simpler to discuss each class separately, but the grammatical peculiarities of the language can be dealt with in the section devoted to the A vocabulary, since the same rules held good for all three categories.

THE A VOCABULARY

The A vocabulary consisted of the words needed for the business of every-day life—for such things as eating, drinking, working, putting on one's clothes, going up and down stairs, riding in vehicles, gardening, cooking and the like. It was composed almost entirely of words that we already possess—words like *hit*, *run*, *dog*, *tree*, *sugar*, *house*, *field*—but, in comparison with the present-day English vocabulary, their number was extremely small, while their meanings were far more rigidly defined. All ambiguities and shades of meaning had been purged out of them. So far as it could be achieved, a Newspeak work of this class was simply a staccato sound expressing *one* clearly understood concept. It would have been quite impossible to use the A vocabulary for literary purposes or for political or philosophical discussion. It was intended only to express simple, purposive thoughts, usually involving concrete objects or physical actions.

The grammar of Newspeak had two outstanding peculiarities. The first of these was an almost complete interchangeability between different parts of speech. Any word in the language (in principle this applied even to very abstract words such as *if* or *when*) could be used either as verb, noun, adjective, or adverb.

Between the verb and the noun form, when they were of the same root, there was never any variation, this rule of itself involving the destruction of many archaic forms. The word *thought*, for example, did not exist in Newspeak. Its place was taken by *think*, which did duty for both noun and verb. No etymological principle was followed here: in some cases it was the original noun that was chosen for retention, in other cases the verb. Even where a noun and verb of kindred meaning were not etymologically connected, one or other of them was frequently suppressed. There was, for example, no such word as *cut*, its meaning being sufficiently covered by the noun-verb *knife*. Adjectives were formed by adding the suffix *-ful* to the noun-verb, and adverbs by adding *-wise*. Thus, for example, *speedful* meant 'rapid' and *speedwise* meant 'quickly'. Certain of our present-day adjectives, such as *good*, *strong*, *big*, *black*, *soft*, were retained, but their total number was very small. There was little need for them, since almost any adjectival meaning could be arrived at by adding *-ful* to a noun-verb. None of the now-existing adverbs were retained, except for a very few already ending in *-wise*: the *-wise* termination was invariable. The word *well*, for example, was replaced by *goodwise*.

THE B VOCABULARY

The B vocabulary consisted of words which had been deliberately constructed for political purposes: words, that is to say, which not only had in every case a political implication, but were intended to impose a desirable mental attitude upon the person using them. Without a full understanding of the principles of Ingsoc, it was difficult to use these words correctly. In some cases they could be translated into Oldspeak, or even into words taken from the A vocabulary, but this usually demanded a long paraphrase and always involved the loss of certain overtones. The B words were a sort of verbal shorthand, often packing whole ranges of ideas into a few syllables, and at the same time more accurate and forcible than ordinary language.

The B words were in all cases compound words.[1] They consisted of two or more words, or portions of words, welded together in an easily pronounceable form. The resulting amalgam was always a noun-verb, and inflected according to the ordinary rules. To take a single example: the word *goodthink*, meaning, very roughly, 'orthodoxy', or, if one chose to regard it as a verb, 'to think in an orthodox manner.' This inflected as follows: noun-verb, *goodthink*; past tense and past participle, *goodthinked*; present participle, *goodthinking*; adjective, *goodthinkful*; adverb, *goodthinkwise*; verbal noun, *goodthinker*.

Some of the B words had highly subtilised meanings, barely intelligible to anyone who had not mastered the language as a whole. Consider, for example, such a typical sentence from a *Times* leading article as *Oldthinkers unbellyfeel Ingsoc*. The shortest rendering that one could make of this in Oldspeak would be: 'Those whose ideas were formed before the Revolution cannot have a full emotional understanding of the principles of English Socialism.' But this is not an adequate translation. To begin with, in order to grasp the full meaning of the Newspeak sentence quoted above, one would have to have a clear idea of what is meant by Ingsoc. And, in addition, only a person thoroughly grounded in Ingsoc could appreciate the full force of the word *bellyfeel*, which implied a blind, enthusiastic acceptance difficult to imagine today; or of the word *oldthink*, which was inextricably mixed up with the idea of wickedness and decadence. But the special function of certain Newspeak words, of which *oldthink* was one, was not so much to express meanings as to destroy them. These words, necessarily few in number, had had their meanings extended until they contained within themselves whole batteries of words which, as they were sufficiently covered by a single comprehensive term, could now be scrapped and forgotten. The greatest difficulty facing the compilers of the Newspeak Dictionary was not to invent new words, but, having invented them, to make sure what they meant; to make sure, that is to say, what

[1] Compound words, such as *speakwrite*, were of course to be found in the A vocabulary, but these were merely convenient abbreviations and had no special ideological colour.

ranges of words they cancelled by their existence.

As we have already seen in the case of the word *free*, words which had once borne a heretical meaning were sometimes retained for the sake of convenience, but only with the undesirable meanings purged out of them. Countless other words, such as *honour*, *justice*, *morality*, *internationalism*, *democracy*, *science* and *religion* had simply ceased to exist. A few blanket words covered them and, in covering them, abolished them. All words grouping themselves round the concepts of liberty and equality, for instance, were contained in the single word *crimethink*, while all words grouping themselves round the concepts of objectivity and rationalism were contained in the single word *oldthink*. Greater precision would have been dangerous.

No word in the B vocabulary was ideologically neutral. A great many were euphemisms. Such words, for instance, as *joycamp* (forced-labour camp) or *Minipax* (Ministry of Peace, i.e. Ministry of War) meant almost the exact opposite of what they appeared to mean. Some words, on the other hand, displayed a frank and contemptuous understanding of the real nature of Oceanic society. An example was *prolefeed*, meaning the rubbishy entertainment and spurious news which the Party handed out to the masses. Other words, again, were ambivalent, having the connotation 'good' when applied to the Party and 'bad' when applied to its enemies. But in addition there were great numbers of words which at first sight appeared to be mere abbreviations and which derived their ideological colour not from their meaning but from their structure.

So far as it could be contrived, everything that had, or might have, political significance of any kind, was fitted into the B vocabulary. The name of every organisation, or body of people, or doctrine, or country, or institution, or public building, was invariably cut down into the familiar shape; that is, a single easily-pronounced word with the smallest number of syllables that would preserve the original derivation. In the Ministry of Truth, for example, the Records Department, in which Winston Smith worked, was called *Recdep*, the Fiction Department was called *Ficdep*, the Tele-programmes Department was called *Teledep*, and so on. This was not done solely with the object of saving time. Even in the early decades of the twentieth century, telescoped words and phrases had been one of the characteristic features of political language; and it had been noticed that the tendency to use abbreviations of this kind was most marked in totalitarian countries and totalitarian organisations. Examples were such words as *Nazi*, *Gestapo*, *Comintern*, *Inprecorr*, *Agitprop*. In the beginning the practice had been adopted as it were instinctively, but in Newspeak it was used with a conscious purpose. It was perceived that, in thus abbreviating a name, one narrowed and subtly altered its meaning, by cutting out most of the associations that would otherwise cling to it. The words *Communist International*, for instance, call up a composite picture of universal human brotherhood, red flags, barricades, Karl Marx and the Paris Commune. The word *Comintern*, on the other hand, suggests merely a tightly knit organisation and a well defined body of doctrine. It refers to something almost as easily recognised, and as limited in purpose, as a chair or a table. *Comintern* is a word that can be uttered almost without taking thought, whereas *Communist International* is a phrase over which one is obliged to linger at least momentarily. In the same way, the associations called up by a word like *Minitrue* are fewer and more controllable than those called up by *Ministry of Truth*. This accounted not only for the habit of abbreviating whenever possible, but also for the almost exaggerated care that was taken to make every word easily pronounceable.

THE C VOCABULARY

The C vocabulary was supplementary to the others and consisted entirely of scientific and technical terms. These resembled the scientific terms in use today, and were constructed from the same roots, but the usual care was taken to define them rigidly and strip them

of undesirable meanings. They followed the same grammatical rules as the words in the other two vocabularies. Very few of the C words had any currency either in every-day speech or in political speech. Any scientific worker or technician could find all the words he needed in the list devoted to his own speciality, but he seldom had more than a smattering of the words occurring in the other lists. Only a very few words were common to all lists, and there was no vocabulary expressing the function of Science as a habit of mind, or a method of thought, irrespective of its particular branches. There was, indeed, no word for 'Science', any meaning that it could possibly bear being already sufficiently covered by the word *Ingsoc*.

From the foregoing account it will be seen that in Newspeak the expression of unorthodox opinions, above a very low level, was well-nigh impossible. It was of course possible to utter heresies of a very crude kind, a species of blasphemy. It would have been possible, for example, to say *Big Brother is ungood*. But this statement, which to an orthodox era merely conveyed a self-evident absurdity, could not have been sustained by reasoned argument, because the necessary words were not available. Ideas inimical to Ingsoc could only be entertained in a vague wordless form, and could only be named in very broad terms which lumped together and condemned whole groups of heresies without defining them in doing so. One could, in fact, only use Newspeak for unorthodox purposes by illegitimately translating some of the words back into Oldspeak. For example, *All mans are equal* was a possible Newspeak sentence, but only in the same sense in which *All men are redhaired* is a possible Oldspeak sentence. It did not contain a grammatical error, but it expressed a palpable untruth—i.e. that all men are of equal size, weight or strength. The concept of political equality no longer existed, and this secondary meaning had accordingly been purged out of the word *equal*. In 1984, when Oldspeak was still the normal means of communication, the danger theoretically existed that in using Newspeak words one might remember their original meanings. In practice it was not difficult for any person well grounded in *doublethink* to avoid doing this, but within a couple of generations even the possibility of such a lapse would have vanished. A person growing up with Newspeak as his sole language would no more know that *equal* had once had the secondary meaning of 'politically equal', or that *free* had once meant 'intellectually free', than, for instance, a person who had never heard of chess would be aware of the secondary meanings attaching to *queen* and *rook*. There would be many crimes and errors which it would be beyond his power to commit, simply because they were nameless and therefore unimaginable. And it was to be foreseen that, with the passage of time, the distinguishing characteristics of Newspeak would become more and more pronounced —its words growing fewer and fewer, their meanings more and more rigid, and the chance of putting them to improper uses always diminishing.

Considerations of prestige made it desirable to preserve the memory of certain historical figures, while at the same time bringing their achievements into line with the philosophy of Ingsoc. Various writers, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Byron, Dickens and some others were therefore in process of translation: when the task had been completed, their original writings, with all else that survived of the literature of the past, would be destroyed. These translations were a slow and difficult business, and it was not expected that they would be finished before the first or second decade of the twenty-first century. There were also large quantities of merely utilitarian literature—indispensable technical manuals, and the like—that had to be treated in the same way. It was chiefly in order to allow time for the preliminary work of translation that the final adoption of Newspeak had been fixed for so late a date as 2050.

From 1984, the new novel by George Orwell, which will be published by Secker and Warburg in June

HENRY GREEN

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

BRUCE BAIN

THE novels of Henry Green are unique in contemporary English literature. His work is remarkable for three things: the range of its social experience; the depth and poetry of its very personal style, and the unusual continuity and vigour of its development. It is here that the weaknesses of the modern English novel are most evident, and, by contrast, Henry Green stands out as perhaps the most individual stylist and story-teller since Kipling, with whom he has much in common. Like Kipling, he is a master of plot, of the detail of work, and of dialogue outside his own class; he is, like Kipling, an extra-literary writer, as it were, outside the contemporary cliques and their concerns; and he shares, at least superficially, Kipling's sentimentality and his treatment of heterosexual relations. But, unlike Kipling, and it is the saving of his art, Green's emphasis is placed firmly on individual values and human problems, which he describes with equal assurance in Park Lane, Pimlico and Peckham.

The common narrative style of the English novel, however deft the false busts of women writers or the false muscles of literary barrow boys, is decrepit, dissipated and damned. The difference between the English of, say, Somerset Maugham and Dennis Wheatley is one of refinement, not of kind, and although this is irrelevant to the entertainment industry or the communication of facts, it is an almost insuperable obstacle to the creation of art. A few writers have attempted to eke out a new prose—Ivy Compton Burnett, for example, by stripping from the narrative the padding of household inventories and family portraits, and by the strict use of a subtly formalised dialogue. Henry Green's method is that of accretion, rather than reduction: he compresses image and meanings, foreshortens, brings the reader's vision into a close-up of the action, experiments in varying the speed, structure and tone of his sentences and spotlights a central image in occasional passages of poetic evocation. His style is complex, thorny, but fresh: deliberately difficult, it blossoms out into miniatures of lyrical beauty. The style, moreover, changes from book to book, and there is a marked development from *Living* (1929) to *Concluding* (1948).

In subject-matter, again, the English novelist is notoriously limited. He is constantly chasing his own tail, brooding over the splendours and miseries of his childhood, or trying to write cerebral fantasies and Kafkanting parables. Introspection has whittled away the sensuous universe, and intellectual arrogance has cut him off from social experience. In theory, the liberal writer is the friend of mankind; in practice, he keeps himself to himself, and breeds books out of himself. The limitation of class-basis is particularly noticeable in the last decade. After a conscientious proletarian flurry in the 'thirties, most writers keep faith with the middle-class, even when they are

crusading against it. There is no Balzac or Wells in contemporary English literature. Henry Green, with a privileged education, overcame his background, to the advantage of his art. After leaving Oxford, he worked for two years in a Birmingham factory, and he has remained in business for twenty years. He knows the county set, the middle class, literary, professional and managerial, and the skilled working class—and in his handful of novels he has provided one rare and consistent picture of the social layers of a changing England.

In one other point, as I have said, Henry Green's work is distinctive. From our viewpoint in mid-century, the literary graph of the last thirty years seems strangely uneven. The decades and their landmarks appear sharply distinct, and the emerging writers sadly short-lived. Spain marked the climax of one phase: Munich ended it; and after the blanket of the war had tossed most of the writers into top-storey public relations offices, there was Hiroshima and a totalitarian Russia. These were hard facts for many English writers; and many more found it as difficult to swallow the Labour Government. The literary mortality increased, and the retreat from reality accelerated. Henry Green is an exception. From *Living to Concluding* there is a coherent, steady and surprising development in his writing: it has absorbed the war, the return to civilian life, and the vision of the future with the minimum of literary attitudinising.

II

'I was born a mouthbreather with a silver spoon in 1905', he begins his interim autobiography, *Pack My Bag*, and that lyrical mock-naïve book, veined with self-pity and anticipations of Armageddon, traces his attempts to atone for the silver spoon—that guilty emblem of privilege. He was brought up in the upper-middle-class matrix, in a fourteenth-century manor house near Tewkesbury. It was an uneventful nursery childhood, sheltered and insulated by a large staff of servants. 'We were well brought up and saw our parents twice a day.' From a private school in Kent, he went to Eton, where Eric Blair (George Orwell) and Cyril Connolly were his contemporaries. 'A private school is a Fascist state and so are public schools', Mr. Green wrote rashly in *Pack My Bag*, yet at neither did he suffer active persecution or uncommon unhappiness and, unlike many of his friends, he hasn't spent a lifetime exorcising Eton.

At Oxford, where he read English, 'we played at being gentlemen.' It was the season of nostalgia: Proust was in fashion, and Green's finest hour, he records, was when a don compared him to Swann. But it was also the season of guilty consciences. Where did their money come from? That was the uneasy question which stirred the avant-garde intellectuals of the time. Green's catalytic experience came after the General Strike, but until then 'I had been unable to look a labourer in the eye . . . I had a sense of guilt whenever I spoke to someone who did manual work . . . in the end it drove me to go to work in a factory with my wet podgy hands.'

While at Oxford, his first novel, *Blindness*, was published, and he first chose the pseudonym of Henry Green. It was a skilful piece of impressionism, commonly ignored by critics of Green's work, which shows an uncommonly acute treatment of lower-middle-class conversation, and whose theme —the anticlimaxes and confusions of adolescent love—is the clue to an aspect of the novelist's later writing. But he might have kicked his heels in the blind alleys of the literary world, had it not been for the Birmingham factory. Instead of being a schoolteacher, a lecturer, a journalist, Green worked for two years with his hands. It was the turning-point in his career. He worked in the stores, as a pattern-maker, in the iron and then in the brass foundry, also as a coppersmith, and he wrote at night. It was a forty-eight hour week, and a strenuous one. On Saturday afternoons he watched the Villa play, saw a movie, had a fish and chip supper and a few pints—following the pattern of working-class leisure. It had the freshness and fascination of exotic experience for the young Oxford graduate, for it was indeed, as he discovered, a completely

different world from that of Tewkesbury or Oxford, with its own conventions of eating, loving and working, and its own racy speech, 'unadulterated by literature as it is and unaffected when I was there by the B.B.C.'

Henry Green did not return exclusively to literary circles but remained in engineering in London. In 1938 he joined the A.F.S., was called up in 1939, and served for four years as a fireman, until he was recalled to his business. His novels rarely sell well, but commercial life solves the problem of maintenance. Mr. Green, however, regards his industrial work as very much more than a stopgap occupation.

III

Some detailed account of his novels is relevant here. *Living*, his first important novel and the fruit of his Birmingham experience, was published in 1929. It is one of Green's best books and is, I consider, one of the most distinctive (and neglected) novels of the century. Here the English working-class is clearly and memorably portrayed, not as living examples of the good life, the militant agents of historic process, or as the vessels of the dark gods, but as living beings set firm in their own patterns of culture, bright figures in a grey landscape ignored by his contemporaries. The world of the workers is flatly contrasted with the aimless inadequacies of the factory-owners and the jockeying for power among the managers, while the central story is the love-affair of Lily Gates and Bert Jones, which culminates, with the inevitability of semi-toned tragedy, in a humiliating anti-climax and the acceptance of frustration. Throughout the novel the images of swooping and settling birds point a contrast with the rigidities of the human situation, and this bird image forms a hidden poetic value, the symbol which implies a standard and sets the tone. It is a technique which Mr. Green has used persistently in his attempts to give the permanence of art to the stuff of everyday living.

Henry Green's next novel, *Party Going*, was published ten years later, and represents the flower of seven years work after office hours. It is a brilliant comedy of manners, which describes the world of Michael Arlen and Evelyn Waugh—but with the backing of human values and the experience of Birmingham. The scene is Victoria Station, where a set of wealthy young people are marooned by fog. Here the urban landscape, so sharply observed in *Living*, is cut off by fog, and the author concentrates on dialogue and movement, helped by the additional restrictions of time and place—formal unities to which he has often turned. This is an essentially witty book, of an order rare in English writing, with a masterly orchestration of nuance and inflection in speech and gesture. It is also a suggestive allegory of the position of the English privileged class, whose style of living is lightly but brilliantly pilloried, and is pointed by the Greek chorus of nannies and servants. Here Mr. Green showed a remarkable gift for reproducing the flavour of servants' speech, as well as a sense of the subtle gradings of caste within the Mayfair clique.

Pack My Bag, Mr. Green's interim autobiography, to which I have already referred, was published in the same year. Its style is interesting, for it is both excessively natural —studded with painstaking intimacies of speech—and strangely formal, in its sudden set-pieces of description. Its needless complexity and mock-innocence of growth are often irritating—as well as its vein of self-pity—but the tangled, insidious style engages our attention, as it is meant to do, and teases our own nostalgia.

Mr. Green was not, as he anticipated in *Pack My Bag*, annihilated in the war—nor was his literary ability. *Caught*, the result of his A.F.S. experience, was published in 1943. Many critics consider this to be Mr. Green's finest novel. It certainly catches with remarkable skill the tensions and frustrations of the phoney war period in London. Richard Roe, the central figure, is a rich, middle-class, introvert widower, who is plunged into the new world of the A.F.S., and who is obliged to make adjustments in his work and sex relations: Roe may be in some respects a self-projection of Mr. Green,

but his evasions and nostalgias are presented without haloes. This is a picture of the class-reversals and psychological shocks of war service, but it is a good deal more. The plot of *Caught* is complex and macabre, for it concerns the discovery by Sub-Officer Pye that he committed incest with his sister as a boy. Improbable as it sounds, this strand of the plot is carefully kept in place, for the story also describes Pye's desperate attempts to curry favour with his officers and men—but it is cleverly allowed to fill the background of the novel. Green brilliantly describes here, as in *Living*, the politics of work. There it was the conflict between worker, manager and boss; here it is between Regular, Auxiliary, Officer 'for the duration', and headquarters, a conflict never caricatured, but backed by a careful control of detail.

Back, Mr. Green's next novel, is, I think, his least successful book, though it shows his usual skill in naturalism. Charlie Summers comes back from a P.O.W. camp, with a wooden leg and an empty heart, to meet the loneliness and anti-climax of civilian life. His mistress, Rose, had died while he was in Germany, and her name, reiterated in daily conversation, wounds him deeply. He meets her half-sister, who seems to be her double, and believes, in his unbalanced state, that she is really Rose and that everyone else is in a conspiracy to hide her true identity. The story's complications, deliberately tangled, are at last sorted out and the wounds are healed—Mr. Green assures us of the happy ending—but the fundamental coincidence is too clumsy as a dramatic peg, too glib as a symbol. Charlie's taciturnity is exaggerated; he never comes fully alive, and the note of sexual uneasiness is strained. Yet Mr. Green skilfully describes the insulation of civilian experience, the gap between the wounded and the immune, and the work-relations of a London office.

Back was followed in 1945 by *Loving*, Mr. Green's most successful novel to date. It is set in an Anglo-Irish castle in wartime, and has been described as a society novel in reverse, for it concerns the lives and loves of the servants' hall, whose hierarchical organisation and human vanity is admirably suggested in a succession of witty conversation pieces. Charlie Raunce, the butler, is the central character—a comic, pompous, pathetic Cockney who marries one of the housemaids and returns to real life, shrewdly leaving the enchanted poetry of this fairy-tale 'tumble-down country', a last safe stronghold of the upper classes. Here again are Mr. Green's bird-symbols, and the action of the novel is shot with poetry, firing out in such passages as the storm-scene in a Greek temple in the grounds, or the description of two servant-girls.

In his latest novel, *Concluding*, published in 1948, Henry Green shows an unflagging invention. It is the story of a summer's day in the life of an old man, a pair of lovers, and a girl's school—in some corporative English state of the future. In the manor house of what was once a country estate is a school for future state servants, *jeunes filles en fleurs*, ruled by two bureaucratic spinsters; in a corner of the grounds is Mr. Rock, an elderly humanist scientist whom the spinsters regard as a threat to their school; in between are the woods, full of azaleas and mystery. This novel is in the same genre as *Loving*, highly visual, lyrical and with the same rippling sexual tensions, but its style shows a further refinement and simplification. Unity of time and place are used to point the formal cohesion of the story, and to maintain the lyrical flow of the book, though the girls seem at times to have strayed from the world of Mr. Arthur Marshall. A real magic glows in the last sections of the book, where the fantasy is spontaneous, the mystery is unanswered, and the symbolism, instead of being suggested by single obsessive images, is the core of the book.

IV

These, then, are the novels of Henry Green—up to date. His new developments are unpredictable. The style of the earlier books offers many obstacles to the reader accustomed to smoother English prose, but it has the difficulty and the rewards of poetry. He

(*Continued on page 80*)

'A Man cut in half by a Window'

THE STRANGE CASE OF GIORGIO DE CHIRICO

ROBERT MELVILLE

One can be sincere in friendship, love, business, social relations in general, in fact in life, but in art *one is always sincere*; this means that by *force majeure* an artist is always sincere in the exercise of his art. The artist always does that and that only which he is capable of doing; he cannot surpass himself, for he can only attain the level which his talent and his artistic abilities allow him to reach. Besides, an artist will never try to do less well than he is capable of doing. Remember what I have told you several times—*in art it is not the subject, but only qualities that matter.*

Giorgio de Chirico

* * *

In 1910, at the age of twenty-two, Giorgio de Chirico was launched on a career as a painter, which came abruptly to an end in 1917. Only sixty-nine pictures are listed in the authoritative study of the 'early' Chirico written by James Thrall Soby, and these include some immature works dating from 1908. But their influence on modern art has been immense; they are the progenitors of surrealism, neo-romanticism, the Italian *sculoa metafisica* and the American 'magic realists', and have infused a poetic element into a great deal of more formalistic work. There is, nevertheless, a growing belief that their value as works of art is secondary to their value as the documents of a new mythology: in the literature of intuitive response, of interpretation and, above all, of *expectation* which they have engendered, they operate as windows overlooking a new Jerusalem, a secret city that has become visible though still out of bounds.

Chirico has never ceased to paint, and where one career ended, another began. At one time, some of the later works were better known than the early ones, but have since passed out of effective circulation. They include the pictures of horses prancing on sea-shores strewn with broken columns, the murals of blank-faced gladiators who stab and throttle and trample one another in complete boredom, and the picture of a room invaded by trees and the sea, which dazzled Paul Nash and caused him to paint the rather absurd picture called 'Harbour and Room'. More recently he has lifted a fanciful Roman soldiery on to the backs of his prancing horses, and painted a number of portraits in an academic style that makes his honorary membership of the Royal Society of British Artists understandable and appropriate. All the work of his second career is distinguished from the first by its insistence on the artist's personal responsibility for the effect achieved, and the images are 'written' in fat, wriggling brushstrokes. In his early work he is content to be the servant of his vision.

An Exhibition of the Works of Chirico is being held at the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, London, from 5 May till 11 June

GIORGIO DE CHIRICO

By Lewis Way

De Chirico now lives in Rome. The tall figure, with cape and malacca cane, the mane of white hair, and the imposing nose—about the prominence of which he often jokes—constitute a familiar sight as he strides through the city. He looks the outstanding artist that he is. So early did fame come to him that, at sixty, he is already regarded as the grand old man of Italian art, and is referred to in bated breath in the studios of the Via Margutta. As a painter he is still at the height of his activity, with an international following of admirers in countries as far distant as those of South America. In his studio, which looks out upon the brightly coloured umbrellas that screen the stalls of the flower-sellers on the Piazza di Spagna, he is constantly at work on the textures of his paint, stopping every now and then to stir, with the anxious care of an alchemist, the series of pots which boil on the gas rings.

But talk of 'Modern Art' always rouses his combative spirit. When I visited him this summer, he was particularly annoyed that a whole room at the Venice Festival of Painting had been devoted to exhibiting his early, repudiated work, and he was even threatening to bring an action against the organisers.

The psychologist would probably class de Chirico as a 'cycloid' temperament. Those grand, lethargic squares, troubled by inscrutable shadows, of his early period, convey his general mood. But his slow, introspective melancholy has nothing about it that is harsh or gloomy. Rather, it goes with a comfortable warmth, a responsive friendliness, an engaging humour. Until he and his wife visited this country last year, he knew little English, except some nursery rhymes, which he would use to give his English visitors a mock-solemn recitation. His humour is a mixture of quizzical deliberation and the spontaneity of the candid child. Always noted, for instance, as being something of a gourmand—his early pictures are full of delicious and forbidden biscuits—he loves to gather his friends for feasts and to engage them in a competition as to who shall eat the most, while the cook in white gloves waits anxiously in the corridor to be assured that her dishes have pleased the master.

Though his later work is often criticised, de Chirico, if occasionally an angry, is never a disappointed, man. He can justly claim, in his own words: *Je t'ai toujours aimé, sombre forêt de ma vie.*

The early pictures brought him no material success but, like several of his famous contemporaries, he has lived to see museums and private collectors pay very large sums of money for them. His own subsequent activities in connection with his early pictures are complicated and obscurely motivated; during the 'twenties he adopted the unusual and curious practice of copying them, and it is known that some of these copies have been pre-dated.

The surrealists were the first to perceive the gulf that divided the early work from the rest, and they have frequently been accused of subjecting Chirico to a merciless persecution that is supposed to have damaged his career and caused him to become a bitter opponent of modernism. Yet, although it is true that the surrealists made a cruel and violent attack upon his later work, there is

no evidence that at the time of the attack the more orthodox and influential critics paid any attention to them. Nevertheless, the difference perceived by the surrealists is now fully acknowledged by connoisseurs, and can be stated in the usual terminology of art criticism.

I think the surrealists were wrong in supposing that Chirico could have recaptured the glories of his early period simply by overcoming his itch to be a kind of opera star of painting; his copying was probably undertaken, in the first place, with the hope of rediscovering the secret. Internal evidence suggests that the early period came to a close of its own accord, and that Chirico, considered as a conscious artist, had no power to influence its duration. These pictures have a submerged content, of which Chirico

(*Continued on page 65*)

Melancholia in the Afternoon

Now the sun's rays came almost horizontally on the reddened dust of the road, and the shadows of the shepherds and their crooks grew longer too—disproportionately, monstrously long, till they passed over towns, countrysides and seas and arrived very far off, at the land of the Cimmericans, over where the icy winds keep the snow late on the hills; they touched the lands whose inhabitants wear thick furs all the year round, and have a complicated, obscene mythology.

And then the sun would disappear altogether under the line of low hills, on the horizon; then the shadows rose in the sky and lengthened along the ground, while high up on the left, in the clarified void, the moon's crescent shone hard and cold, and the purifying breath of approaching night passed over the town, in which the last echoes of men's work were lulled to rest.

★ ★ ★

The sense of reality is always inseparable from a work of art. The profounder this sense is, so much more poetic and romantic will be the work of art. Mysterious laws and rules of perspective dominate such facts. Who can deny the perturbing relation that exists between prospective and metaphysics?

★ ★ ★

We are not aesthetes, and still less are we persons given to states of exaltation. Therefore but little pleasure do we find in reveries. We have an inveterate habit of examining profoundly all our emotions and sentiments. The fact that the nocturnal sky seems to us more beautiful glimpsed between cloud and cloud has a precise and definite reason, as definite as a geometrical design. The cloud in the sky at night represents reality. The moon's light illumining it, defines, accentuates and solidifies its volume. It is therefore a regular ceiling which we see above us. Thus, when from a fissure in that ceiling we perceive the blackness of the night, the emotion we experience is a happy one and an emotion of art.

The text on these pages has been extracted from the writings of Giorgio de Chirico

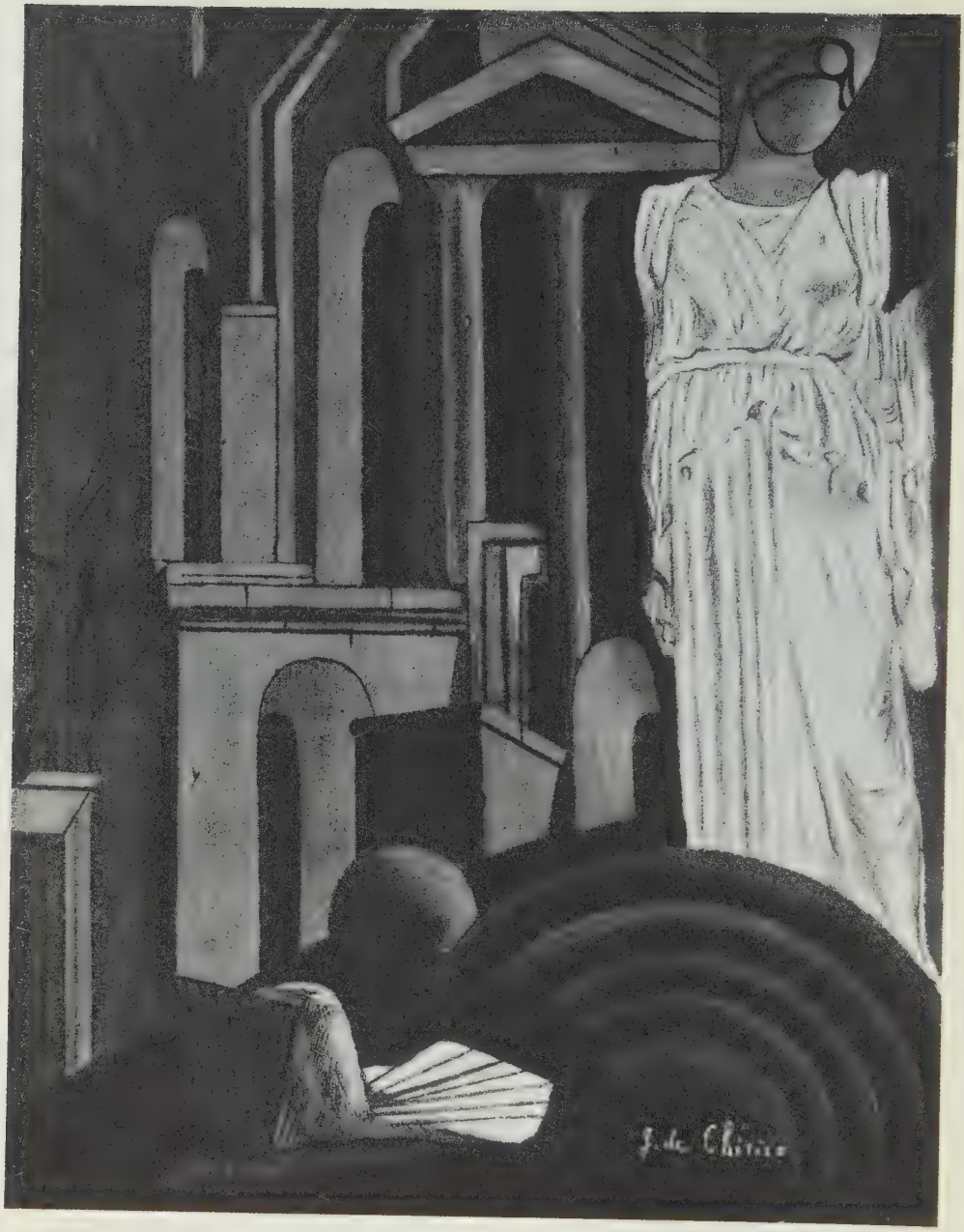
Il Trovatore

Piazza Torinesa

He walked into this city built like a citadel, with its internal courtyards and its oblong geometrical gardens assuming the austere shapes of ramparts; he always met the same men, perfectly proportioned, wholly sound in body and mind, busy at their favourite occupation—the building of trophies. So there arose in the middle of bedrooms and drawing-rooms curious erections, severe and amusing at once, the joy and delight of guests and children. They were mountain-shaped constructions for, like mountains, they had been formed by the action of an inward fire, and, the upheaval of creation once over, they attested by their writhing equilibrium the fervent thoughts which had brought them into being. In virtue of this they were pyrophil, *that is, like salamanders, they* loved fire; *they were immortal, knowing neither the dawn nor set of sun, but eternal noon. The rooms that sheltered them were like islands outside the great steamship routes, where the natives sometimes have to wait whole seasons for a kindly tanker or sailing-ship to come and fling them some crates of (damaged) preserves.*

★ ★ ★

The sun sinking on the horizon sent its level rays over the great municipal highway linking the town with neighbouring towns. Shepherds, who at the time were following the road back to their hamlets in the west, received full in their eyes the splendour of the evening light. It prevented them seeing their flocks and annoyed them greatly. They raged, cursed their dogs, who, bewildered by their masters' scolding, began running and barking right and left, doing more harm than good. The shepherds, swearing, shaded their eyes with their left hands as with the peak of a cap, and brandished in the right their inseparable long crooks which, seen in profile, looked like the helmets of warriers painted on Greek vases.



The Torment of the Poet

Nulla sine narratione ars. (*No art without a story.*) *We do not mean to insist that the word narration or story must imply an anecdote, an event, or an historic fact. The work of art must* tell *something beyond the limits of its volume. The object or the figure must tell poetically something which is even distant from them, something which even their volume materially conceals.*

(*Continued from page 61*)

himself must have been quite unconscious, for it expresses psychological complexities which no rationally-contrived symbols could encompass. This submerged content is identified with the events of the Œdipus legend, and mirrors them in chronological order, so an unconsciously-motivated reaction against it, iconographically and stylistically expressed, was the inevitable *dénouement*. At that time, he was, to quote the Greek writer, Nicolas Calas, 'living in conformity with deep-rooted desires', and the irrational, highly clairvoyant state of mind that could reproduce in fantasy the destiny of Œdipus could scarcely avoid collapsing into remorse. Chirico turned away once and for all from the strange and magical city that had seen him become a king. In the trough of the reaction, he painted a picture called 'The Prodigal's Return' which is filled with a quite nauseating air of penitence.

The early pictures are more obviously *inspired* than anything else in modern painting, but I think that, if they were not protected by an evaluation that turns them into a modern equivalent of the holy ikon, they would not be esteemed as highly as certain works by Picasso, Gris and Klee. They could not sustain the comparison on aesthetic grounds alone. It goes without saying that pictorial values of a high order inform these reconstructions of his visions, but his facture is not particularly distinguished and he was never in the main stream of formal invention. He was a 'communicating vessel', a passer-on of messages.

At this point it becomes necessary to speak of a man whose destiny is no less inextricably interwoven with these pictures than that of the artist himself. I refer to André Breton, the founder of the surrealist movement, and one of France's greatest living writers.

It is possible that the cryptic automatic message recorded by Breton in 1919, which he considers to be the actual starting point of surrealist activity, is itself a preconscious reminiscence of a painting by Chirico. This painting, which is in the possession of Breton, is called 'The Child's Brain' (1914) and depicts a naked man standing squarely before us, but cut off at the waist by the line of a green table running parallel with the lower edge of the frame. The sentence recorded by Breton runs, *A man is cut in half by a window*. He has explained that it was clearly articulated but stripped of vocal quality, as if uttered by an internal phantom. If my guess at its origin is correct, Breton's failure to recognise it is understandable enough; he thirsted for automatic powers equivalent to Chirico's, and would be too anxious for this sentence to be the 'first sign' to look for its source in what he hoped to emulate. But he was later to speak unequivocably of his obsession with Chirico's pictures—the pictures of deserted squares, flanked by silent arcades and palaces, where biscuits are guarded by a solitary eye, and large sealed boxes are guarded by public monuments. *Have we come back often enough on to this square where all seems so near to being and is so far removed from that which is? There more than anywhere else we have held our invisible assizes. There we should have looked for ourselves. That was the time when we were not afraid of promises. . . . It is the invitation to expectancy—this city, the whole of it like a rampart, this city lit from within by the broad light of day. How many times have I tried to find my bearings in it, to make the impossible circuit of this edifice, to imagine the risings and settings, in nowise alternate, of the suns of the spirit!*

Breton, a trained psychiatrist, was undoubtedly the first person to realise that the still surface of these paintings secretes violent psychic events; that forces of hatred, jealousy and fierce eroticism are in play below the surface; but he has always been careful to withhold publication of a full account of this latent content, fearing that, in the minds of others, the images would be confused with symbols, and that the secret city would thereby lose its significance as a promised land; for to Breton it is essentially a region of the spirit, a city which might some day replace the mystical city of God.

For some years, the large painting called 'The Enigma of a Day' was also in Breton's

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collection, and he would gather his friends together for silent contemplation of the sealed box lying far out in the square, in the gamboge light of an autumn afternoon, and of the frock-coated effigy standing in shadow in the foreground. It is a strange and powerful picture, and one does not need to be specially imaginative—one needs only to give oneself up to its silence to become convinced that the sealed box contains profound secrets.

The very life-like biscuits, sometimes guarded by an eye, sometimes raised up on complicated scaffoldings as if for adoration, would certainly play an immensely important rôle if these works ever became the foundation of a cult. Soby has referred to them as examples of 'spiritual *trompe l'oeil*' and an English writer has described them as being 'terribly disquieting in their passionate golden splendour . . . The precious substance of which they are composed resembles that cabalistic light, heavy with spermatozoa, whose coagulations are living flesh. They are images of everything desirable, images of all untasted pleasures and experiences.' To be able to eat of the biscuits would obviously give one power to open the box, and if for a lot of people such an aim became understandable and desirable, even though unattainable, then something analogous to the legend of the quest for the holy grail would be in sight, and Breton's hopes and beliefs would be signally rewarded. If one relates the Œdipus factor in these paintings to a comment on the Christian religion recently made by Dr. Ernest Jones (he regards it as 'a dramatisation on a cosmic plane of the emotions, fears and longings' which arise in a child's relations to its parents), then I think that one has to admit that it could just conceivably happen.

It is a revelation of Chirico's complete divorce from the atmosphere in which he created his finest works that he has no interest at all in the stirrings of the spirit that they have brought about. If he makes a speech when he visits this country to attend the summer exhibition of the R.B.A., it is likely to be a familiar tirade against a kind of painting that includes his own masterpieces.

The World of Books

A VISION OF LIFE

G. S. FRASER

The great malady of our time is a kind of estrangement of the world of ordinary fact from the world of our feelings, of which the isolation of the artist is one striking symptom. The best modern artists seem to the ordinary man—aloof, abstruse, repellent, and irrelevant to the concerns of daily life. But it is also true that the concerns of daily life, for the ordinary man, are irrelevant to *his* inner life. Our society is technically very highly organised, but spiritually it is not an organism. A typical expression of its organisation might be the cafeteria where we collect our food and sit down to eat it without saying a word to the girl at the cash desk or our neighbours. Things are run so that we can get through our lives with the minimum of personal friction, but with the minimum, also, of personal engagement. Thus communication is difficult at all levels; if difficult for the artist, difficult also for the ordinary man who wants to get into conversation with a stranger. The less impact there is from the outer world, the 'safer' we all feel; but the world is real to us only when it makes an impact; and thus this very 'safety' is a main source of our loneliness, our anxiety and our bewilderment. In this sense, at least, the isolated artist is a representative and typical figure. He is concerned with a common predicament; even though the ordinary man sees in his work chiefly a babel, a 'heap of broken images', the splintering reflection of a splintered age, and no hint or hope of a new wholeness. Even the modern artist's obsession with technique reflects the similar obsession of what Dr. Alex Comfort has called 'a telephone-exchange society'. His isolation is not an isolation from his age, but a reflection of that age's isolating divisions.[1]

Professor Weidlé, in his fascinating book, traces this obsession with outer organisation, and this decay of an inner organising principle, back to the Renaissance, to the intellectual pride of the humanist attitude. His villain is Leonardo da Vinci. Leonardo had no humility before the mystery of his gift. The mystery, for him, was merely a problem. He wanted to make art into a science. Like his great modern disciple, Valéry, he was less interested in what he was doing than in just how he did it. He wanted to substitute conscious construction for instinctive creation; he was so obsessed with technical means that he became indifferent to artistic ends; for all his wonderful gifts, we cannot say that he has a 'world of his own'. Similarly, today, Picasso exploits, exhausts, discards techniques; but what is Picasso's 'world'—where even, amid the multitude of his stylisations, is his 'style'? We have no common style, today, because we have no common vision. We shall not have a homogeneous culture, Professor Weidlé thinks, till we have a unifying faith. Our present predicament is to be traced back to the decay and division of the Christian faith since the Renaissance, to the humanist arrogance that will not accept mystery.

In that case, some readers might be inclined to reply, our position must be

[1] *The Fragmentation of Culture, the Dilemma of the Arts*, by Wladimir Weidlé. S.C.M. Press. 15s.

hopeless. A general revival of religious faith in Europe might have useful secondary results in the field of culture; but in accepting a faith for the sake of these results, we would not really be accepting it. The men of the Middle Ages accepted their faith not so that they might build wonderful cathedrals, but because they thought it gave a true picture of the universe. And it is the business of the Christian revivalist today not to convince us that Christianity would be useful, but that it is true. I see, myself, little prospect of a general religious revival in the West, though I think it may be the case that the ordinary man in Europe today is sceptical about religion, but not indifferent to it, where perhaps a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago he was indifferent to it, but not sceptical about it. The ordinary man has lost his indifference because he realises, as Professor Weidlé does, how intimately the health of a society is bound up with these common habits and affections that spring from a common vision of life. Yet he feels also that a common vision of life is something that must grow. It cannot be imposed. And, in a transitional period like our own, it is perhaps dangerous to attempt to define it. Nothing is more common, for instance, in ordinary friendship than a feeling of deep basic agreement that is disturbed at once if one attempts to reduce it to a formula. My own feeling, for instance, about England since the war is that, under the surface of life, there is a kind of growing together, a groping for common habits and affections, a struggle, perhaps, towards some vision; but I would feel it dangerous to attempt to define what that vision is, just as I would hesitate to say whether my own attitude to life is 'Christian' or 'pagan'. We must grow towards a new wholeness, but I do not see that the premature affixing of labels, or swallowing of systems whole, helps much in that process. I think that societies, like animal bodies, often heal themselves in silence. The unity of a culture, in fact, is more easily defined by its *customs* than by its *beliefs*.

I do not despair, then, of a common vision of life, though by that I may find in the end that I mean something quite different from what Professor Weidlé means. Meanwhile, I think, there are more practical approaches than those he suggests towards the general problem of the fragmentation of our culture. He perhaps attributes too much of our predicament to the intellectual individualist pride of the Renaissance and too little to the disintegrated mass society that came into being with the Industrial Revolution. In Western Europe (except in outlying areas like Ireland, Spain and the West Highlands) the new industrialism destroyed a traditional folk culture. Lorca, in modern Spain, was able to base himself on the living ballad; modern South Americans, in spite of industrial infiltration, are able to base themselves on a living folk art and music. In modern England, on the other hand, folk culture has gone for good and I do not see what we can do about it except (in spite of Professor Weidlé's suspicious attitude towards conscious purpose) deliberately set about trying to bring into being a popular industrial culture in its place. Professor Weidlé points out, correctly enough, that the application of aesthetic principles, or principles of functional economy, to mass-production is not 'high art' in the old sense; on the other hand, well-designed houses and furniture for workers, community centres, factories that are not gothic horrors, even decent-looking cups, saucers and tea-pots—these, it seems to me, are necessary elements in the bringing about of a situation in which 'popular culture' will be a reality, and not a phrase. And education (the sort of education in the arts for children and adults that Herbert Read advocates) is not 'culture', but it is a necessary condition of the only sort of culture to which an industrial society can look forward. This is a large neutral area in which men of goodwill in this country can co-operate, whether they call themselves 'Christians' or 'pagans', or whether their religion is that of all sensible men, which no sensible man ever divulges; and if we can co-operate at this level, the growing common vision will, I believe, take care of itself.

TOWARDS A NEW EPOCH

By Nicolas Berdyaev. (Translated from the French edition by Oliver Fielding Clarke.) *Geoffrey Bles.* 6s.

Reviewed by E. Lampert

A Soviet Russian philosopher wrote recently that 'every revolution possesses its philosophy, but not every philosophy possesses its revolution.' Berdyaev is a Christian philosopher in the succession of St. Augustine, Pascal and Kierkegaard; but he is wholly representative of the modern revolutionary age, and he was himself a revolutionary, who had the courage and creative will to question and expose the travesties and illusions of self-relying, solid, assured and finite human existence. The torn and afflicted world in which he lived, and which is reflected in his thought, was not merely his own landscape; and he was not a mere part of the ruins. He could raise his face, and the very fact that he had pressed his heart and mind to the troubled world gave him a new and unique vision of meaning behind all the ruins.

Berdyaev's new book, published posthumously, is a collection of essays which have a bearing on a great variety of contemporary questions. Their underlying theme, however, is 'the present world-crisis and the rôle Russia plays in it.' The world-crisis of which he speaks does not denote merely the change of the political condition, but a shift in the whole mind and spirit of European mankind to which Russia belongs, however reluctant Western people may be to admit the fact. He emphasises the revolution which has been wrought by the fact that the immense forces of Russia and the West find themselves face to face, or rather in interdependence, in the very depth of the modern world.

The Communism of Soviet Russia, descending intellectually from Hegelianism *via* Marx, and, more remotely, from French and English sources, had arisen from, and was the most prophetic and radical protest against, the contradictions of disintegrated and proletarianised Western society. It is alike a profoundly national, Russian, and a profoundly European and universal phenomenon. It is not a revolting exception, but a unique historical manifestation of the seen and unseen coherence of a world threatened and judged in its real or imaginary happy normality. Russia identified herself with the pathways of Western society in order to fulfil her apocalyptic mission of proclaiming that judgment in her own revolutionary experience.

At a time when the West adopts the ominous posture of the Roman legions 'on the limits of civilisation' (*vis-à-vis* Russia) and when Russia, in her turn, is haunted by the apprehensions and manias of persecution, it is particularly important to recover our awareness of the positive meaning of this modern revolutionary drama of Russia-and-the-West; and Berdyaev's book is a contribution to such a recovery.

Berdyaev has been described as the philosopher of freedom *par excellence*, and for him men are in a significant sense divided according to the way they meet and answer the question as to where they stand in the terrible battle that is, and probably always has been, raging on account of the freedom, uniqueness and dignity of the human person. Nevertheless, he repudiates with vehemence the moral delusion which prompts people to divide the world into two camps—a wicked and a good one—and to forget that the most dangerous enemy is within. The pitfall, moreover, as Berdyaev appears to see it, consists in that Western man, setting out to defend the values in question (and always tending to use the personal pronoun in so doing), fails to realise that the posture of 'defence', and of 'crusading defence' in particular, is an obstinately unhistorical attitude: it attempts to fix, to immobilise that which in fact is to be continuously recreated and re-invented. 'Crusaders', unlike pioneers, always have been, and continue to be, reactionary, in the spiritual as well as

political meaning of the word. Freedom cannot be viewed as an abstract principle: it involves historic responsibility and readiness to treat the history of mankind as one's own. This history proves shattering for all the standards of normality, for all the 'safeguards', 'restraints' and 'compromises' to which Western society, nurtured in, and sometimes lulled to sleep by, a secure and uninterrupted cultural and political tradition, has become used.

These and such like questions are discussed with great insight in *Towards a New Epoch*. With all the usual Berdyaevian repetitions and carelessness of style, there is not a dull moment, and sentence follows sentence like a succession of bright fireworks: the very disjointedness of manner seems to intensify the impact and effect.

One may express the hope that the reading of this small book will lead the readers on to Berdyaev's most important works, such as *The Destiny of Man* and *Slavery and Freedom*.

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HENRIK IBSEN'S DRAMATIC TECHNIQUE

By P. F. D. Tennant. *Bowes & Bowes*, Cambridge. 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by J. P. Hodin

This book, written with scholarly restraint by a former fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge, is most remarkable for those passages in which the author's searching mind deals directly with the interesting and peculiar problem of the development and nature of Ibsen's dramatic technique. It is important to treat this subject in detail, since Ibsen's influence on his followers, that is, on all dramatists after him, has been considerable. The analysis of the historic roots of Ibsen's dramatic technique is also enlightening. The author, a connoisseur of the Scandinavian languages and Scandinavian culture, was for many years Press Attaché at the British Embassy in Stockholm, and this is perhaps of greater importance with regard to the subject he has chosen than his Cambridge degree. But, on the other hand, his academic status determines the specific angle from which he judges Ibsen's personality, his artistic morals, and his quality as a thinker. As a special work on dramatic technique, this book can be regarded as part of a modern treatise on poetry previously written on more general lines by Aristotle in ancient times and by Hettner and Müller-Freienfels in our age. Therefore, though it should be of the greatest value to actors, producers, enthusiasts of the stage and students of literature, it need not remain restricted to a limited circle of readers. Special though its character may be, it contains in the excellent chronology, as well as in the text, so much biographical material that we are given a fairly comprehensive picture of the great Norwegian dramatist and poet.

If the interest taken in Ibsen was manifested on the Continent before it became evident in Britain, and if it caused there greater upheavals, it has now abated in consequence of political events; in Britain, however, probably owing to G. B. Shaw's influence, the interest in Ibsen is still very

much alive. In 1944 I saw at the Old Vic a performance of 'Peer Gynt' which was probably the best ever achieved. I have seen the famous Norwegian Peer Gynt actor, Hansen, in Stockholm; I remember performances of Ibsen in Prague, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin and Paris. Nowhere had both the stage setting and the acting (Ralph Richardson as Peer and Sybil Thorndike as Aase, Peer's mother) been so flawless that the idea—through very clever cuts of the long play, originally not intended for the stage—had become quite palpable, and the illusion preserved its intensity from the beginning to the end. At that time, while the war was still raging, I felt, as did many visitors to the theatre, that this idea of Peer Gynt, of the young man gifted with imagination who changes into a cold, soulless egotist caring naught for human life, is the prophecy of Ibsen's genius about the money-grabber and mass producer of our mechanistic, industrial age.

It is here that criticisms of Tennant's book may be made. But I do not want to criticise; I want to find a basis for constructive argument. Tennant's very meritorious work, in which he stresses modern psychological aspects, and where statistical tables give a lucid survey of the content and the development of Ibsen's theatrical technique, is based on the thesis that Ibsen was a second-rate thinker and a doubtful moral personality; that the dualism of life and art led him towards an aestheticism, and that he refused to shoulder any real responsibilities. All this, according to Tennant, has impaired his art, so that nothing remains but the dramatic craftsman who survived his time. The instance of the powerful effect made by Peer Gynt should prove that one can view Ibsen's ideas from a different angle. The personality of the dramatist seems to be unattractive to the author, and he is inclined to side with the society of the Christiania and Copenhagen of Ibsen's time, which came near to killing Ibsen as well as Edvard Munch by its ignorance, rather than with the genius. Is the problem of art and life not too deep, an eternal problem, to be settled somewhat summarily at the conclusion of the book?

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PARTNERSHIP FOR ALL?

By John Spedan Lewis. *Kerr-Cross Publishing Co.*, 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by Elliott Dodds

'Capitalism has the choice between reforming itself pretty importantly or coming to grief altogether. . . . It's silly to think that you can teach everybody to read and write, give them cheap travel, illustrated newspapers and the cinema and expect them to be still content with such excessive inequalities as have arisen not from the real nature of capitalism but from its perversion—abuse of power by those possessed of exceptional ability or lucky in some other way.' This is the underlying theme of Mr. Spedan Lewis's book, which describes the growth and workings of the John Lewis Partnership.

The original John Lewis (founder of the famous Oxford Street house that bears his name) was an autocrat, of whom it was said that, although he was a fierce radical and republican in politics, these equalitarian notions were tempered by a firm belief in the Divine Right of Employers. It has been the aim of his son to turn the family business and those associated with it into a constitutional monarchy—a real democratic partnership, 'in which all the advantages whatsoever of owning it shall be shared as fairly as possible by all who are working in it.'

Mr. Spedan Lewis came into the business on his nineteenth birthday. His father gave him a partnership in it, but the paternal leading-strings irked him and he exchanged this for the control of Peter Jones, where he had greater freedom to try out his ideas. Later on, he rejoined his father, and when the latter died (at the age of ninety-two), he inherited the Oxford Street business and used it as a laboratory for his great experiment. The design was actually complete by October of 1910. In April of 1929 (after 'old' John Lewis's death) a Settlement in Trust was made, securing that, so long as the business was not wound up, its profits (after payment of a moderate fixed dividend) should go to the workers. At that time Mr. Lewis felt that, until the results should seem to be solidly satisfactory, he must retain power to bring the whole experiment to an end, but it has proved so successful that, when the book was being written, a second Settlement was in preparation, completing the foundation of the Partnership and making it virtually irrevocable.

The material benefits accruing to the 'partners' have been substantial. Up to the end of 1947, £1,125,696 had been set aside for Partnership Benefit (which is given in the form of shares, not of cash) and for pension fund, besides a great deal more in holiday pay, sick pay, help in need of various kinds, sports clubs and so forth. Even more important has been the sense of working in a common enterprise which has been given by the representative institutions which have been set up, and the vouchsafing of information about the financial facts of the business. Mr. Lewis lays especial stress on the value of the *Gazette*, a house newspaper in which opinions can be freely aired and which keeps the 'partners' in touch with all that is doing.

Mr. Lewis does not claim that the system he has established is the best—or even one of the best—of the forms that might be given to the general conception.

He has, however, made a very important contribution towards the reform of capitalism and the development of the 'Producer Co-operative', and his book affords a sociological study of the greatest interest.

CAESAR'S MISTRESS

By Wing Commander Geoffrey Cooper, M.P. *Venture Publications Ltd.* 3s. 6d.

This book is a serious attack on the B.B.C's policy and administration. The author, unfortunately, makes his attack on too low a level. It is possible to exaggerate the importance of the variety and drama departments of the Corporation. Nobody is more apt to do so than the artists and producers working in or for the departments, but Mr. Cooper might have remained a little more aloof from their highly personal grievances.

He establishes clearly, however, that there are—or have been—abuses amounting to bribery, corruption and nepotism.

'DOKTOR FAUSTUS'

By Thomas Mann. *Secker & Warburg.* 15s.

Reviewed by Michael Hamburger

Even before the appearance of the 'Historia von D. Johann Fausten', the first written account of the legend, in 1587, Dr. Faustus, like Don Juan, the Spanish rake, and Tristan and Iseult, the Celtic lovers, was one of the mythical personages who dominate the imagination of the West. Soon after the publication of the German prose version, Christopher Marlowe wrote the 'Tragical History of Doctor Faustus'; ever since, though at long intervals, the legend has been revived and reinterpreted by poets and dramatists, by Lessing in the eighteenth century, by Goethe and Lenau in the nineteenth, by Paul Valéry only a few years ago and by such Romantic musicians as Berlioz, Gounod, Wagner and Liszt. Spengler, the historian, went so far as to make Faustus the archetype of Western Man and, in his *Decline of the West*, wrote of a Faustian civilisation.

In Thomas Mann's novel Faustus has been transformed into a twentieth-century composer, Adrian Leverkuehn. His story is told by a self-effacing friend, Dr. Serenus Zeitblom, a teacher of classics. Those familiar with the earlier works of Thomas Mann, but especially *The Magic Mountain*, will be prepared for the difficulties of a work which moves on several levels simultaneously: there is the story itself, fascinating, but slow and intricate in its development; there is a history of the late war as seen by a German who, although opposed to the Nazi leaders, loves his country; there is a symbolic representation of the conflict between music, a demonic force, and humanism, a civilising creed; finally, but related to this conflict, there is the Faustus myth in its new form.

Adrian Leverkuehn, at one time a student of theology, is typical of the twentieth-century artist, inasmuch as the conscious part of his mind, his critical faculty and his intellect, are very highly developed—too highly, he thinks, for one who wishes to be a creative genius. In order to be a creative musician of the first order, he must make a pact with the devil, who appears to him in a vision. In other words, he cannot be both civilised, like his friend, the narrator, and creative; like the German nation, whose tragic fate has been skilfully related to his own, he rebels against Christianity and humanism, the two foundations of Western civilisation, in favour of a primitive but vital force which, for him, takes the form of music inspired by the devil, while for Germany it takes the form of National Socialism. Just as, for a time, Adrian Leverkuehn produces musical masterpieces of immense power, Germany, for a time, is victorious and intoxicated with success; but Adrian, at the moment when his pact expires, breaks down at the piano and recovers, only to live on as a feeble imbecile, while Germany is disfigured by bombs, defeated and demoralised.

Though the story is told in Thomas Mann's characteristic manner, with a mixture of solemnity, pathos and irony, and the author, true to the tradition of the great nineteenth-century novelists, remains in the background, we know that Thomas Mann, like the conscientious and moderate schoolmaster, his narrator, does not underrate the fascination exercised upon us all by the demonic, the irrational, the primitive. Our civilisation is in danger of being destroyed by the same forces which struck Leverkuehn with madness after filling him with power and ecstasy; these forces, whether they appear to us in the traditional guise of the devil or, camouflaged, in the shape of Nietzsche's philosophy, Wagner's music, Surrealist art or some totalitarian political doctrine, might as well be recognised. To many, civilisation—like Leverkuehn's cleverness—has become a burden which, in different ways, they are trying to shake off; all forms of political extremism are symptoms of this discomfort. It is as well that we should know what we are doing when we choose one or the other of the current epidemics; but most of us prefer to think that we can have our cake and eat it, to experience the exhilaration of tragic passion without ceasing to

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hope for a happy ending, that we can liberate the subconscious when we want a thrill and then put it back in its cage.

It is easy enough to accuse Thomas Mann of lacking love for his characters, of being supercilious, self-conscious and reprovingly sober; but to do so is to misjudge him. If he had identified himself either with his hero or with the narrator, the hero's opposite, he would have compromised himself; much as he himself may be attracted by Nietzsche's philosophy, by Wagner's music or any other manifestation of the demonic, he has chosen to resist their power. His aim was neither to exalt the demonic nor to deny its existence, but to show the tragic consequences of its eruption.

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MEREDITH

By Siegfried Sassoon. *Constable.* 15s.

Reviewed by George Woodcock

Literary involution, like all other forms of writing, has its styles and fashions, and there is often a world of difference between the products of verbal and psychological involution, between, to bring the matter down to concrete examples, the Meredithian and the Jamesian novel.

Today, in an age of verbal simplicity and intellectualised image, we live in the house of James; our fathers, in their luxuriant and leisured Edwardianism, were more influenced by Meredith. The cult of Meredith, indeed, ran to adoration, which was all in keeping with that lionising age; the cult of James stops short at admiration, and even that is tinged with dislike—again it is the reflection of an age—a tired age when adoration seems ridiculous and even admiration slightly out of taste.

Perhaps, since the differences between Meredith adorers and James admirers seem so deep, it is worth recording that the two authors completely failed to understand each other's work. Meredith looked at the world from without and expressed what he saw in the richness of a language that grew more involved and luxuriant as his contempt for the ordinary reader or writer became more intense. James was self-contained and became steadily more concerned with himself and less conscious of the external world. Both attitudes led to obscurity.

If such a pointless comparison had to be made, I might admit that James was a more exact craftsman and a more acute psychologist than Meredith. But whether he could construct a better novel is another question, and I have a feeling that, obscurity for obscurity, *The Egoist* is in its way as good as anything by James in his more involved period. Certainly, while I could do without Meredith more easily than I could do without the best of James, I see no reason for neglecting the older novelist, and confess my pleasure in seeing, among the general

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revival of Victoriana, Meredith's wild head rising once more above the surface. I hope the revival will be sufficiently durable and discriminating to leave him standing beside us when the tide of *bric-à-brac* has ebbed again, and such shades as Trollope have returned to the twilight. For, on reading him again after a lapse of years, I am convinced that the author of *Beauchamp's Career*, *Vittoria* and *Harry Richmond* stands with Hardy and James among the really important novelists of the turning century.

Because of this revival of a too-long neglected author, Siegfried Sassoon's biography is timely. It is a quietly written book; Mr. Sassoon makes no excessive claims for his subject, while he has a most disarmingly humble opinion of himself as a biographer. A number of faults are evident in his book, and could doubtless be magnified and presented by a hostile critic in a suitably damning way. Mr. Sassoon shows himself lacking in the sense of criticism, and rather clumsily shifts the onus by inserting lengthy quotations from other writers at the difficult points. But he is so aware of this fault, and so frank in admitting it, that the ground is cut away from the reviewer who has come merely to carp.

What is left when the critical sections have been discounted is an excellent biographical appreciation of a writer who has long needed intelligent and friendly consideration. Mr. Sassoon gives it; he makes Meredith live as a well-rounded and likeable person, and shows such shrewd insight into the psychological foundations of the novels and poems that he very largely makes up for the lack of any deep critical consideration of the individual works.

For the Meredith enthusiast this book may not say a great deal that is new, but it at least represents a long overdue appreciation in our day; for those who know Meredith only slightly or from a distance, it gives a touchstone of the man's life, character and thought by which a better knowlege of his novels can be reached. I should think it might well give many people, who have never read Meredith before, a palate for his peculiar complexities.

A WANDERER IN INCA LAND

By Christopher Sandeman. *Phœnix House*, 45s.

Reviewed by Robert Payne

For most of us—since there are no scholarships or endowed travellers' cheques by which we can get there—Peru will always remain a land of enchantment, unapproachable and virgin, inhabited in our dreams by Inca princesses, anacondas, llamas and blue-winged condors; there are forests of unimaginable depth and great rivers; there are huge fastnesses hidden away in the mountains where the relics of the great Inca civilisation can still be touched by modern hands; irrelevantly and beautifully St. Rose of Lima wanders through the virgin territory, perfectly at home among the savages. It is the distinction of Mr. Sandeman that he leaves us with our dreams, but gives them focus and definition. All that we had imagined about Peru turns out to be true, but he provides the necessary dimension of depth—for the first time, in his superb photographs and carefully wrought text, we are provided with the colours and atmospheres of Peru as it is. And what is bewildering is not that he should have succeeded so well, but that until now there has never been a guide with half his sensitivity to the beauties of the country.

Partly, of course, it is due to the stern discipline he has acquired by long years of residence in the country. Something of that discipline is shown in his photographs, where nothing extraneous ever appears: they are clear-cut, precise, miraculously unelaborated. This, we cry, is the authentic Peru; there are no tricks, no evasions. The photographs of the great Inca fastness of Machu-Picchu, lost for four centuries until discovered by Hiram Bingham in 1911, have a superb authenticity. So the photograph of the astronomer's stone, or of Mount Huascaran at sunrise, or the descendant of Inca princes, or the Cordillera Blanca, achieve a significance which is rare among the work of photographers, for they introduce us to a world which we recognise immediately as being true and real—we have only to put out our hands to touch the peasant girls on their way to market, and we are not in the least astonished to discover that they believe the earth was re-peopled after a deluge by black, white, yellow and copper-red races 'conceived between the toes of a gigantic parrot.'

The dream of Peru persists, but Mr. Sandeman is careful to remind us that the Inca princes who worshipped the sun and adored enormous effigies of the sun in beaten gold, and dressed in feathers, belonged to a hopelessly authoritarian régime which has lessons for our own times:

'In return for a servitude which was so complete that even such elementary rights as the clothes a man wore, the woman he married, his place of residence and the recreations allowed to him were prescribed by authority, the State guaranteed by a kind of unwritten Pacific Charter freedom from want to the slave as the reward of his bondage.'

They were people who kept complete statistical records of every event in the State, built roads of immense length, possessed a properly functioning post office, erected enormous barns to hold the communal food supplies, and regarded gold and metal as purely decorative. The comparison between the imperial Communism of Peru and the imperial Communism of Soviet Russia is deadly. It might be well, too, if some of our more authoritarian bureaucrats turned their attention to the defeat of the Incas.

Meanwhile, we are presented with a quite admirable book of photographs with an accompanying text. What is now needed is that Mr. Sandeman should direct a colour film of Peru, if only because Peru is one of those places whose beauty we hunger for, as our own world becomes more mechanical and dull.

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This is a supplement to Sarah Bernhardt's own *Memoirs*, written by her granddaughter who lived with her for the last fourteen years of her life, and deals mainly with her domestic life, from early childhood until the time of her death.

BISHOP, F. P. THE ETHICS OF ADVERTISING. *Robert Hale.* 10s. 6d.
In this volume the wider moral and social effects of advertising are subjected to a penetrating analysis. The author shows how modern advertising touches the life of ordinary men and women at innumerable points, and has some original suggestions to offer as a result of his own personal experience in the advertising field.

COATES, Percy. THE WORLD IS WIDE ENOUGH. *John Lehmann.* 10s. 6d.
Mr. Coates, a miner from the Derbyshire coalfields, re-creates the world of his boyhood and early manhood in this unusual book, part fiction and part autobiography.

DODD, Alfred. FRANCIS BACON'S PERSONAL LIFE STORY. *Rider & Co.* 30s.
Here we have a vital, picturesque and authoritative portrait of 'the uncrowned king of literature' by one of the world's foremost living authorities on Francis Bacon. It differs from previous biographies inasmuch as the intimate and secret life of Bacon is revealed as clearly as his public deeds.

SHORE, Bernard. SIXTEEN SYMPHONIES. *Longmans, Green & Co.* 17s. 6d.
This pleasant book on music as it was written, and music as it has been played, will appeal both to listeners and performers alike. Mr. Shore writes with intimate knowledge of sixteen of the world's greatest symphonic masterpieces and their composers.

STEEN, Marguerite. GRANADA WINDOW. *Falcon Press.* 9s. 6d.
The author's love of Spain—the country and its people—is reflected in Marguerite Steen's latest novel, most of the chapters of which were written before the Civil War.

STIMSON, Henry L. ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN PEACE AND WAR. *Hutchinson.* 25s.
A personal record of the years of public service of the famous American statesman, containing hitherto undisclosed, controversial decisions which determined the outcome of the late war—a 'pilot biography'.

STRYKER, Lloyd Paul. FOR THE DEFENCE. *Staples Press.* 21s.
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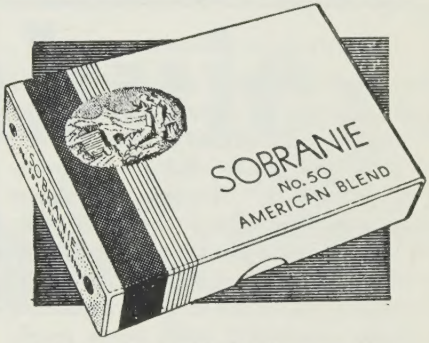

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GEOFFREY GRIGSON (*continued from page 12*)

broadcasting could interpret. Let these experts of the research staff be well paid. But let them have no power to decide what shall be broadcast. Their business would be to know; to help those officers of the corporation with the power of choice to keep up to date and up to scratch.

If three main services are retained to minister to three levels of desire, surely Sir William Haley must be persuaded to give up the mad notion that, so to say, *Everybody's* (Light Programme), the *Daily Telegraph* (Home Service) and the *New Statesman and Nation* (Third Programme) can all be served by the same producers? Each service needs its own staff (the Third especially) made alert by its own aims and ideals. Each staff needs its own grade of research service. Or English broadcasting, true to its dilettante origins, will remain its present haphazard self, mocked at now by the economist, now by the scientist, now by the man of letters or the artist; sometimes brilliant, too often ridiculous.

BRUCE BAIN (*continued from page 58*)

is an enemy of inflation, not only that of bad journalism, but the literary inflation of the booksy boys, the inflation of attitude as well as prose. His gift for dialogue is incomparable; and the close-ups and almost musical phrasing of his prose serve to make an imaginative re-creation of everyday experience. He is the poetic recorder of the averageness of life, and his poetic naturalism conveys imaginative truths about people without the flat photography of documentary. He can write about the majority of the English people as living beings, and not as noises off or comic relief. And he describes the fears and tensions of an unstable society, giving his description coherence by style, plot and symbol, not on any abstract plan, but from the spontaneous source of art—the whole of a writer's experience and imagination.

EUGENE K. ILYIN (*continued from page 50*)

see him in my dreams. As I see him with my inner eye and hear him with my inner ear, Shakespeare is a marriage of the melody and rhythm of speech in the natural human voice; the simple, fine, inevitable expression of feeling in action.'

He asked his actors to study, in order to enlarge their knowledge and their vision, to make sacrifices in order to undergo the discipline that he thought necessary before one could fitly act in the plays of Shakespeare.

'"Hamlet",' he said, 'is the highest peak of dramatic art. In "Hamlet" you are given great feeling to portray and great words to speak . . . You must live with "Hamlet", because it is the greatest artistic achievement in the world; certainly the greatest in the past and perhaps of all time. To play "Hamlet" is to crown the work of a lifetime.'

Nemirovich Danchenko saw in 'Hamlet' the patient and unceasing struggle of the ideal entangled in the difficulties of human life. He wanted the performance to transcend common life, to transmit its grim poetry, and the simple wisdom and truth contained in human emotion.

He believed that Shakespeare displayed in his work a philosophy of action: action that is not divorced from the distraction of human passion. 'When you are seized by a great passion,' he says, 'you are at once in the atmosphere of Shakespeare. You can then understand him.'

I think I have quoted enough to show the feeing of religious dedication with which Stanislavsky and his companions approached the production of Shakespeare. They produced the 'Merchant of Venice', 'Hamlet', 'Julius Caesar', 'Twelfth Night' and 'Othello'. The greatest successes were 'Julius Caesar' and 'Hamlet'.

I did not have the good fortune to remain long associated with the theatre. In 1915 I joined the Russian army and in 1917 the happy re-union was disturbed. I became a wanderer upon the face of the earth and have so continued to this day: but whenever I hear any mention of the Moscow Art Theatre, I see again the grey curtain with the outspread wings of its white sea-gull, the undying symbol of the art which never dies.

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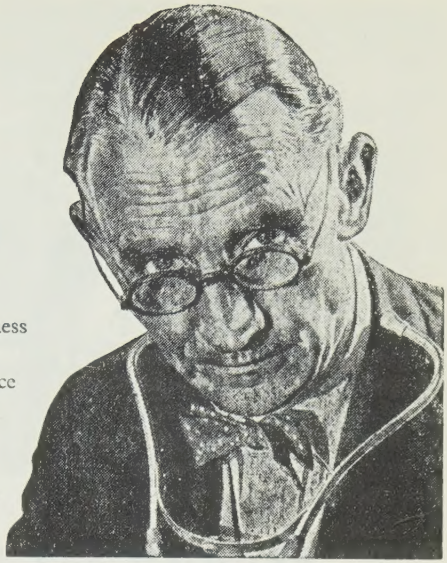

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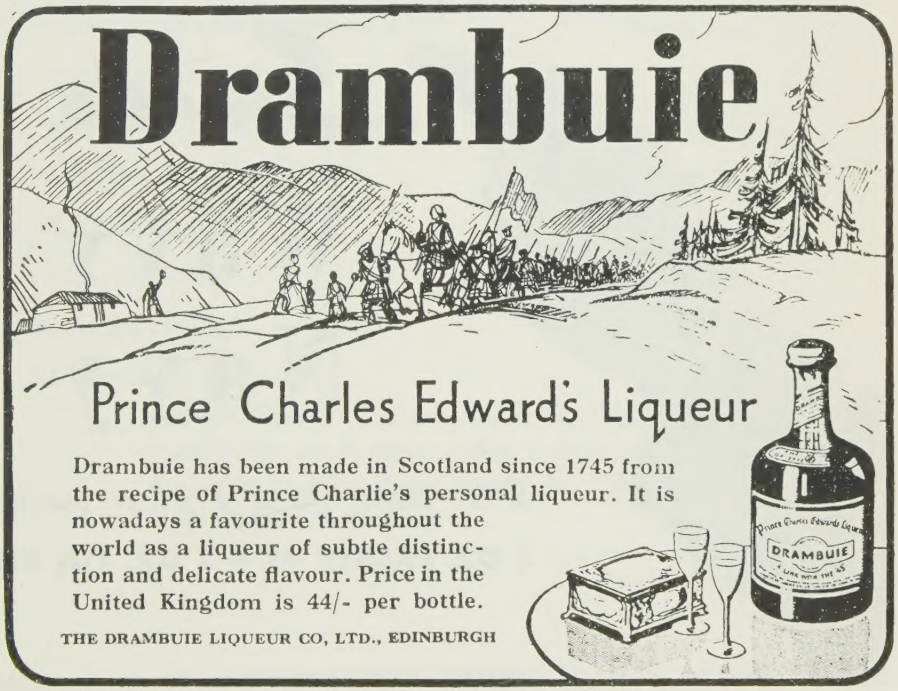

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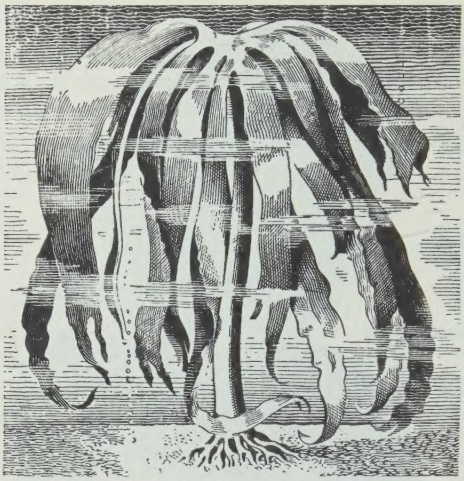

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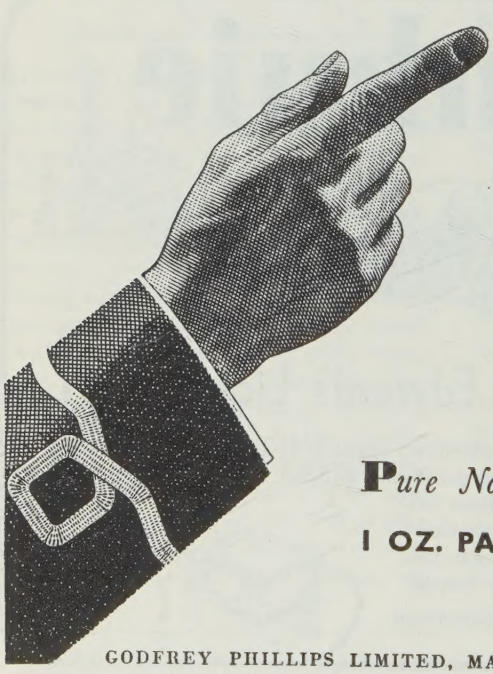

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